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LYRA SACRA AMERICANA:

OR,

G E M S



FROM

AMERICAN SACRED POETRY.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED, WITH NOTES AND

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,

BY

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TO MILTON'S POETRY, ETC.



LONDON:

SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON,

CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1868.

PS 545
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1868
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PREFACE.

AFTER a residence of some years in Great Britain,¹ I have been no little surprised to find, from time to time, in conversation with many of its best informed people and Christian scholars, how little is generally known of the wealth that exists in American Sacred Lyric Poetry. Even Sir Roundell Palmer, in his admirable "Book of Praise," has but seven hymns from American writers;² as I feel confident that had he known of some presented in this collection, they would have found an honoured place in his own.³ I have therefore thought that it would

¹ Three of which (1861-64), I passed at Cardiff as United States Consul.

² For we cannot, I think, fairly call Mrs. S. F. Adams, the author of that beautiful hymn,

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,"

an American. Gladly would I claim her if I honestly could, but her living a short time in our country does not make her one of our writers.

³ Dean Alford, in his recently published hymn-book, "The Near Book of Praise," has two or three more American hymns.

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be rendering a not unacceptable service to the lovers of sacred song on this side of the Atlantic to prepare a work upon American hymns that would, as I should hope, do something like justice to the subject, and show to the mother-country a not unworthy collection of the daughter's productions in this most interesting and increasingly valued department of literature. I am aware, of course, that two or three works of a somewhat similar character have been published on the other side of the Atlantic, and that the most recent one—the “*Lyra Americana*” of the Rev. George T. Ryder, D.D.—has been in effect republished by the London Religious Tract Society. I say *in effect*, for though the compiler in his preface says of Dr. Ryder's volume that “not very much beyond the title has been retained,” the real fact is, that of its one hundred and twenty-four selections, *eighty-one*, or TWO THIRDS (wanting one) are to be found in the American volume.¹

But whatever works may have been published in either country upon this subject, the appearance of this volume shows that I think there is room for another. It is true that a majority of the pieces here presented have appeared in print before, chiefly scattered here and there in various hymn-books; but it is also true that many of them are now published for the first

¹ Dr. Ryder's book has one hundred and twenty-five selections.

time, the manuscripts having been kindly given to the editor by the authors for this purpose. Some hymns, too, are here restored to their original, unaltered text; such, for instance, as that one of unsurpassed beauty by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenburg, beginning

“ I would not live away,”—

which, as far as I have seen, has *always* been printed with various alterations and abridgments: it will here, however, be found entire, as given to me by the author in his own hand.

As to the arrangement, it will at once be seen that it is alphabetical, both as to authors and hymns, and that the hymns of each author are together. This, I think, has rather the advantage over an arrangement according to subjects, especially if there be a full index of subjects appended. It is pleasant to see the products of each individual mind side by side, that its several productions may be more readily compared, and that the authors themselves may be the better compared, the one with the other. The chronological arrangement, however, I decidedly prefer, where there is a chronology of any extent, that the hymnal products of different periods may be seen together. But all our American hymns of any value are of very recent date, hardly any extending beyond fifty years. The early colonists had much else to do of greater importance and necessity to themselves than to write poetry of any kind. An unsubdued wilderness was before them, and the urgency of their physical wants prevented, to any

great extent, the cultivation of letters : and during the period of the Revolution, and for many years subsequent, vital questions of a political character pertaining to the formation and government of the states and of the nation, engrossed most of their attention ; so that there was really some truth, if not unkindness, in the sneer of the Edinburgh Review, fifty years ago, “ Who reads an American book ? ”¹ But so rapid has been our progress in every department of literature and science, that now the reverse question may be asked, with no little pride, on the other side of the Atlantic, “ Who does NOT read American books ? ”

Although such an unprecedented number of hymn-books and works on hymnology have been published since 1860, that this might, not inappropriately, be called the *hymnological decade* of the nineteenth century, yet I can make no apology for adding another to the number, as I do not think that this department of literature has even yet received the consideration and honour it deserves. When man's higher nature and higher wants are considered, there is no literary subject that has pre-eminence over it, if there be any that equals it in true value ; for NO ONE IS SO SURE OF A LASTING AS WELL AS LOVING REMEMBRANCE AS THE AUTHOR OF A GOOD HYMN. Watts, Wesley, Doddridge, Toplady, Cowper and Lyte will live in the affections of millions, when others of far greater learning,

¹ Vol. xxxi. for December, 1818.

and of much higher intellectual rank in their day, will be utterly forgotten. In the new edition¹ of "The Men of the Time," published by Messrs. Routledge and Sons, there are about three thousand names; while the names of Horatius Bonar and Ray Palmer are omitted. But I feel as confident as I can be of any future event, that of these three thousand names, by far the greater part will have utterly faded away from the minds of men, never to be recalled, when the names of the authors of

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,"—

and

"My faith looks up to Thee,"—

will be cherished and loved, wherever there are hearts to sing in the English tongue the praises of the Redeemer.

I trust that the few "Notes" and short "Biographical Sketches" will give additional interest to the hymns. When we are struck with the beauty of a piece, it gives us increased pleasure to know what were the circumstances, if any, which called it forth.² I only regret that for the want of fuller materials these "Notes" should be so meagre. So also when we are pleased with an author's productions, we like to know when and where he lived, and what was his chief life-

¹ The Seventh, 1868.

² See the hymn, "Stand up for Jesus."

work. But the “Sketches” I have in almost all cases *designedly* made short: a few, however, are so from the want of more and better information.

In conclusion I would take this opportunity to say to my many friends who know that six or seven years ago I began the preparation of a larger and more general work upon the subject of Hymnology,—differing in its plan from anything that has hitherto appeared,—that impaired health has been the chief reason why I have been prevented from completing it. Still, it is in an advanced stage of preparation, and I fondly trust that before the close of another year I shall be enabled to have ready for the press the work which has so long engrossed no small portion of my thoughts, and for the completion of which I have, for some time, been increasingly solicitous.

C. D. C.

London, *July*, 1868.

ERRATA.

While the Hymns were going through the press, I was in Heidelberg, Germany, and consequently could not read the proof-sheets without great inconvenience and delay. I have found but the two following errors, and those in the names of the authors:—

For P. W. Higginson, *read* T. W. Higginson.

For Thomas Mackellan, *read* Thomas Mackellar.

I have also found the hymn “O Lord, Thy work revive,” to be duplicated, and assigned to Mrs. Brown; it is Mr. Hastings’.



LYRA SACRA AMERICANA.

I.

THE HOUR - GLASS.



ALAS! how swift the moments fly!
How flash the hours along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by,—

The burden of a song;
See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
And age with furrow'd brow;
Time *was*—time *shall be*—drain the glass—
But where in Time is *Now*?

Time is the measure but of change,
No present hour is found;
The Past, the Future, fill the range
Of Time's unceasing round.
Where then is *now*? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned "I AM."

Then, Pilgrim, let thy joys and tears
 On Time no longer lean ;
 But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
 From earth's affection wean ;
 To God let votive accents rise ;
 With truth—with virtue live ;
 So all the bliss that Time denies,
 Eternity shall give.

John Quincy Adams.

II.

SABBATH MORNING.

HARK! 'tis the holy temple's bell,—
 The voice that summons me to prayer :
 My heart, each roving fancy quell ;
 Come, to the house of God repair.

There, while in unison sublime,
 Souls to the throne of God ascend,
 Let no unhallow'd child of time
 Profane pollutions with them blend.

How for thy wants canst thou implore,
 Crave for thy frailties pardon free,
 Of praise the votive tribute pour,
 Or bend, in thanks, the grateful knee,—

If, from the awful King of kings,
Each bauble lures thy soul astray ;
If to this dust of earth it clings,
And, fickle, flies from heaven away ?

Pure as the blessed seraph's vow,
Oh, let the sacred concert rise ;
Intent with humble rapture bow,
Adore the Ruler of the skies.

Bid earth-born atoms all depart ;
Within thyself collected, fall ;
And give one day, rebellious heart,
Unsullied to the Lord of all.

John Quincy Adams.

III.

CALVARY.

O SACRED HEAD, now wounded,
With grief and shame weigh'd down,
O sacred brow, surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown !
Once on a throne of glory,
Adorn'd with light divine,
Now all despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

On me, as Thou art dying,
Oh, turn Thy pitying eye !
To Thee for mercy crying,
Before Thy cross I lie :
Lo ! here I fall, my Saviour !
'Tis I deserve Thy place ;
Look on me with Thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace !

The joy can ne'er be spoken.
Above all joys beside,
When, in Thy body broken,
I thus with safety hide.
Lord of my life, desiring
Thy glory, now I see ;
Beside Thy cross expiring
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

What language can I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For all Thy dying sorrow,
Of all my woes the end ?
Oh, can I leave Thee ever ?
Then do not 'Thou leave me :
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

Be near me when I'm dying ;
Oh, show Thy cross to me ;

And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free :
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From thee shall never move ;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely in Thy love.

James W. Alexander.

IV.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

O GOD, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers cross'd the sea ;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipp'd Thee.
Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer,
Thy blessing came ;—and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.
Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves ;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.
And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And Spring adorns the earth no more.

Leonard Bacon.

V.

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

WEEP not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshipping chorus on high.

Weep not for the spirit now crown'd
With the garland to martyrdom given,
Oh, weep not for him;—he has found
His reward and his refuge in heaven.

But weep for their sorrows who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave;
Who sigh when they muse on the land
Of their home far away o'er the wave.

And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone,
Where anthems of praise never swell,
And the love of the Lamb is unknown.

Leonard Bacon.

VI.

THE DEPARTING MISSIONARY.

FAREWELL to thee, Brother ! We meet but to
part,

And sorrow is struggling with joy in each heart ;
There is grief—but there's hope, all its anguish to quell ;
The Master goes with thee—Farewell ! oh, farewell !

Farewell ! Thou art leaving the home of thy youth,
The friends of thy God, and the temples of truth,
For the land where is heard no sweet Sabbath bell ;
Yet the Master goes with thee—Farewell ! oh, farewell !

Farewell ! For thou treadest the path that He trod ;
His God is thy Father, His Father thy God ;
And if ever with doubtings thy bosom shall swell,
Remember He's with thee—Farewell ! oh, farewell !

Farewell ! and God speed thee, glad tidings to bear,
To the desolate isles in their night of despair ;
On the sea, on the shore, all the promises tell,
His wings shall enfold thee—Farewell ! oh, farewell !

Farewell ! but in spirit we often shall meet
(Though the ocean divide us) at one mercy-seat,
And above ne'er to part, but for ever to dwell
With the Master in glory—till then, oh, farewell !

George W. Bethune.

VII.

IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE.

IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimm'd by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon-chains, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die !
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

George W. Bethune.

VIII.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

JOY and gladness ! joy and gladness !
Oh ! happy day !
Every thought of sin and sadness
Chase, chase away.
Heard ye not the angels telling,
Christ the Lord of might excelling,
On the earth with man is dwelling,
Clad in our clay ?

With the shepherd-throng around Him,
Haste we to bow ;
By the angel's sign they found Him,
We know Him now ;
New-born babe of houseless stranger,
Cradled low in Bethlehem's manger,
Saviour from our sin and danger,
Jesus, 'tis Thou !

God of Life, in mortal weakness,
Hail, Virgin-born !
Infinite in lowly meekness,
Thou wilt not scorn,
Though all heaven is singing o'er Thee,
And gray wisdom bows before Thee,
When our youthful hearts adore Thee,
This holy morn.

Son of Mary, (blessed mother !)
Thy love we claim ;
Son of God, our elder brother,
(O gentle name !)
To Thy Father's throne ascended,
With Thine own His glory blended,
Thou art, all Thy trials ended,
Ever the same.

Thou wert born to tears and sorrows,
Pilgrim divine ;
Watchful nights and weary morrows,
Brother, were Thine :
By Thy fight with strong temptation,
By Thy cup of tribulation,
Oh ! thou God of our salvation,
With mercy shine !

In Thy holy footsteps treading,
Guide, lest we stray ;
From Thy word of promise shedding
Light on our way ;
Never leave us nor forsake us,
Like Thyself in mercy make us,
And at last to glory take us,
Jesus, we pray.

George W. Bethune.

IX.

EVENING HYMN.

LIGHT of the immortal Father's glory,
Joyous, sacred, heavenly, blest,
Jesus Christ, we bow before thee,
As the sunlight leaves the west.
We give Thee homage, grateful, lowly,
That the evening light we see,
Father, Son, and Spirit Holy,
Holy, Holy, Holy Three.

Worthy art Thou worlds unending,
Son of God, the life and light,
To receive a praise transcending
All created worth and might;
Soon the star, now shining o'er us,
All the earth shall joyful see;
And all tongues shall swell the chorus:
Holy, Holy, Holy Three.

George W. Bethune.

X.

LIVE TO DO GOOD.

LIVE to do good; but not with thought to win
From man return of any kindness done;
Remember Him who died on cross for sin,
The merciful, the meek, rejected One;
When He was slain for crime of doing good,
Canst thou expect return of gratitude?

Do good to all; but while thou servest best,
And at thy greatest cost, nerve thee to bear,
When thine own heart with anguish is opprest,
The cruel taunt, the cold averted air,
From lips which thou hast taught in hope to pray,
And eyes whose sorrows thou hast wiped away.

Still do thou good; but for His holy sake
Who died for thine; fixing thy purpose ever
High as His throne no wrath of man can shake;
So shall He own thy generous endeavour,
And take thee to His conqueror's glory up,
When thou hast shared the Saviour's bitter cup.

Do nought but good; for such the noble strife
Of virtue is,—'gainst wrong to venture love,
And for thy foe devote a brother's life,
Content to wait the recompense above;
Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,
In mercy strong, in vengeance only weak.

George W. Bethune.

XI.

CHRIST WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET.

O BLESSED Jesus ! when I see Thee bending,
Girt as a servant, at Thy servants' feet,
Love, lowliness, and might, in zeal all blending,
To wash their dust away, and make them meet
To share Thy feast, I know not to adore,
Whether Thy humbleness or glory more.

Conscious Thou art of that dread hour impending,
When Thou must hang in anguish on the tree ;
Yet, as from the beginning, to the ending
Of Thy sad life, Thine own are dear to Thee,—
And Thou wilt prove to them, ere Thou dost part.
The untold love which fills Thy faithful heart.

The day, too, is at hand, when, far ascending,
Thy human brow the crown of God shall wear,
Ten thousand saints and radiant ones attending,
To do Thy will and bow in homage there ;
But Thou dost pledge, to guard Thy church from ill,
Or bless with good, Thyself a servant still.

Meek Jesus ! to my soul Thy spirit lending,
Teach me to live, like Thee, in lowly love ;
With humblest service all Thy saints befriending,
Until I serve before Thy throne above—
Yes ! serving e'er my foes, for Thou didst seek
The feet of Judas in Thy service meek.

Daily my pilgrim feet, as homeward wending
My weary way, are sadly stain'd with sin ;
Daily do Thou, Thy precious grace expending,
Wash me all clean without, and clean within,
And make me fit to have a part with Thee
And Thine, at last, in heaven's festivity.

O blessed name of SERVANT ! comprehending
Man's highest honour in his humblest name ;
For Thou, God's Christ, that office recommending,
The throne of mighty power didst truly claim ;
He who would rise like Thee, like Thee must owe
His glory only to his stooping low.

George W. Bethune.

XII.

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT.

O FOR the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send with a reviving power
His Spirit from on high.

We meet, we sing, we pray,
We listen to the Word,
In vain—we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.

Our prayers are faint and dull,
And languid all our songs,
Where once with joy our hearts were full,
And rapture tuned our tongues.

While many crowd Thy house,
How few around Thy board
Meet to record their solemn vows,
And bless Thee as their Lord ?

Thou, Thou alone canst give
Thy Gospel sure success,
And bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

Come with Thy power divine,
Spirit of life and love ;
Then shall our people all be Thine,
Our church like that above.

George W. Bethune.

XIII.

HYMN FOR RESURRECTION DAY.

O JESUS, when I think of Thee,
Thy manger, cross, and throne,
My spirit trusts exultingly
In Thee, and Thee alone.

I see Thee in Thy weakness first ;
 Then, glorious from Thy shame,
 I see Thee death's strong fetters burst.
 And reach heaven's mightiest name.

For me thou didst become a man,
 For me didst weep and die,
 For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
 For me ascend on high.

O let me share Thy holy birth,
 Thy faith, Thy death to sin,
 And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
 My heavenly life begin.

Then shall I know what means the strain
 Triumphant of Saint Paul ;
 "To live is Christ's, to die is gain !"
 Christ is my ALL IN ALL !"

George W. Bethune.

XIV.

HYMN FOR EASTER.

'TIS He ! 'tis He, I know him now,
 By the red scars upon His brow.
 His wounded hands, and feet, and side,
 My Lord ! my God ! the Crucified !

Those hands have roll'd the stone away ;
Those feet have trod the path to-day ;
And round that brow triumphant shine
The rays of majesty divine.

O, from those hands uplifted, shed
Thy blessing on my fainting head ;
And, as I clasp those feet, impart
The love that gush'd from out Thy heart !

Thy death upon the cross be mine,
My life from mortal sin be Thine,
And mine the way Thy feet have trod,
To reign in heaven with Thee, my God.

George W. Bethune.

XV.

SAILOR'S HYMN.

TOSS'D upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
Thou hast press'd a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe ;
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping—
“ All, all's well !” Thy constant cheer.

And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head,
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the billow's wild commotion,
At the bidding of Thy will.

Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to heaven I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear me when I cry ;
And, though mast and sail be riven.
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er ;
Safely moor'd in heaven's wide haven,
Storms and tempests vex no more.

George W. Bethune.

XVI.

“MY MEAT IS TO DO THE WILL OF
HIM THAT SENT ME.”

(John iv. 34.)

UPON the well by Sychar's gate,
At burning noon the Saviour sate,
Athirst and hungry, from the way
His feet had trod since early day ;

The Twelve had gone to seek for food,
And left Him in His solitude.

They come, and spread before him there,
With faithful haste, the pilgrim fare,
And gently bid him, " Master, eat ! "
But God had sent Him better meat,
And there is on His gentle brow
Nor weariness nor faintness now.

For, while they sought the market-place,
His words had won a soul to grace ;
And when He set that sinner free
From bonds of guilt and infamy,
His heart grew strong with joy divine,
More than the strength of bread and wine.

So, Christian, when *thy* faith is faint,
Amidst the toils that throng the saint,
Ask God that thou mayst peace impart
Unto some other human heart ;
And thou thy Master's joy shalt share,
E'en while His cross thy shoulders bear.

George W. Bethune.

XVII.

BAPTISM.

WE come to the fountain, we stand by the wave,
That flows from the throne of the Mighty to
save ;

We gaze on its bosom so pure and serene,
And seek, blessed Master, to wash and be clean.

We hear Thy sweet promise, Thy welcome command,
And clasp, in our weakness, the strength of Thy hand,
To plunge in the waters that o'er us may roll,
A flood of salvation for body and soul.

O Thou, who in Jordan didst bow Thy meek head,
And, whelm'd in our sorrow, didst sink to the dead,
Then didst rise from the darkness to glory above,
And claim'dst for Thy chosen the kingdom of love.

Thy footsteps we follow, to bow in the tide,
And are buried with Thee in the death Thou hast died :
Then wake with Thy likeness to walk in the way
That brightens and brightens to shadowless day.

O Jesus our Saviour, O Jesus our Lord,
By the life of Thy passion, the grace of Thy word,
Accept us, redeem us, dwell ever within,
To keep, by Thy Spirit, our spirits from sin ;

Till, crown'd with Thy glory, and waving the palm,
Our garments all white from the blood of the Lamb,
We join the bright millions of saints gone before,
And bless Thee, and wonder, and praise evermore.

George W. Bethune.

XVIII.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

WE come, we come, with loud acclaim,
To sing the praise of Jesus' name ;
And make the vaulted temple ring
With loud hosannahs to our King.

With thrilling pulse and smiling face
We gather round the throne of grace,
And lowly bend to offer there,
From humble lips, our Christmas prayer.

We come, we come, the song to swell,
To Him who loved our world so well,
That, stooping from His Father's throne,
He died, to claim it as His own.

O, thus may we in heaven above
Unite in praises and in love ;
While happy angels fill their home
With joyful cry : " They come, they come ! "

George W. Bethune.

XIX.

THE APPREHENSION OF DEATH.

WHEN time seems short, and death is near,
And I am press'd by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know the Saviour died for me.

His name is JESUS, and He died
For guilty sinners, crucified ;
Content to die that He might win
Their ransom from the death of sin ;
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know He died for me.

If grace were bought, I could not buy ;
If grace were coin'd, no wealth have I ;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death ;
Yet since I know His grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

My faith is weak, but 'tis Thy gift ;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,

And say,—“Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by Me are all forgiven ;
And thou shalt live from guilt set free,
For I, thy Saviour, died for thee.”

George W. Bethune.

XX.

EARLY LOST, EARLY SAVED.

WITHIN her downy cradle, there lay a little
child,
And a group of hovering angels unseen upon her
smiled ;
When a strife arose among them, a loving, holy strife,
Which should shed the richest blessing over the new-
born life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in
beauty grew,
With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an eye of
azure hue ;
'Till every one who saw her, were thankful for the
sight
Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever fresh delight.

Another gave her accents, and a voice as musical
As a spring-bird's joyous carol, or a rippling stream-
let's fall ;

Till all who heard her laughing, or her words of childish
 grace,
Loved as much to listen to her, as to look upon her
 face.

Another brought from heaven a clear and gentle mind,
And within the lovely casket the precious gem en-
 shrined ;
Till all who knew her wonder'd, that God should be
 so good,
As to bless with such a spirit a world so cold and
 rude.

Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody, and truth,
The budding of her childhood just opening into youth ;
And to our hearts, yet dearer every moment than
 before
She became, though we thought fondly heart could not
 love her more.

Then out spake another angel, nobler, brighter than
 the rest,
As with strong arm, but tender, he caught her to his
 breast :
“ Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of mortal
 race,
But no shade of human sorrow shall darken o'er her
 face ;

“ Ye have tuned to gladness only the accents of her
tongue,
And no wail of human anguish shall from her lips be
wrung ;
Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely from within
Her form of earth-born frailty, ever know a sense of
sin.

“ Lull'd in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far away,
Where there is no sin nor anguish, nor sorrow, nor
decay ;
And mine a boon more glorious than all your gifts
shall be—
Lo ! I crown her happy spirit with immortality !”

Then on his heart our darling yielded up her gentle
breath,
For the stronger, brighter angel, who loved her best,
was Death.

George W. Bethune.

XXI.

HYMN TO NIGHT.

(SUGGESTED BY THE BAS-RELIEF OF THORWALDSEN.)

YES! bear them to their rest ;
The rosy babe, tired with the glare of day.
The prattler, fallen asleep e'en in his play ;
Clasp them to thy soft breast,
O Night ;
Bless them in dreams with a deep-hush'd delight.

Yet must they wake again,
Wake soon to all the bitterness of life,
The pang of sorrow, the temptation strife,
Ay, to the conscience pain :
O Night,
Canst thou not take with them a longer flight ?

Canst thou not bear them far
E'en now, all innocent, before they know
The taint of sin, its consequence of woe,
The world's distracting jar,
O Night,
To some ethereal, holier, happier height ?

Canst thou not bear them up,
Through starlit skies, far from this planet dim
And sorrowful, e'en while they sleep, to Him
Who drank for us the cup,
O Night,
The cup of wrath, for hearts in faith contrite ?

To Him, for them who slept
A Babe all lowly on His mother's knee,
And from that hour to cross-crown'd Calvary,
In all our sorrows wept,
O Night,
That on our souls might dawn heaven's cheering
light ?

Go, lay their little heads
Close to that human heart, with love divine
Deep-beating, while His arms immortal twine
Around them, as He sheds,
O Night,
On them a brother's grace of God's own boundless
might.

Let them immortal wake
Among the deathless flowers of Paradise ;
Where angel songs of welcome with surprise
This their last sleep may break,
O Night,
And to celestial joy their kindred souls invite

There can come no sorrow ;
 The brow shall know no shade, the eye no tears,
 For, ever young, through heaven's eternal years,
 In one unfading morrow,
 O Night,
 Nor sin, nor age, nor pain, their cherub beauty blight.

Would we could sleep as they,
 So stainless—and so calm—at rest with Thee,—
 And only wake in immortality !
 Bear us with them away,
 O Night,
 To that ethereal, holier, happier height !
George W. Bethune.

XXII.

MORNING PRAYER MEETING.

HOW sweet the melting lay
 Which breaks upon the ear,
 When, at the hour of rising day,
 Christians unite in prayer.

The breezes waft their cries
 Up to Jehovah's throne ;
 He listens to their bursting sighs,
 And sends His blessings down.

So Jesus rose to pray
 Before the morning light ;
 Once on the chilling mount did stay
 And wrestle all the night.

Glory to God on high
 Who sends His blessings down,
 To rescue souls condemn'd to die,
 And make His people one.

Phoebe Brown.

XXIII.

PRIVATE DEVOTION.

I LOVE to steal, awhile, away
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear ;
 And all His promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore ;
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On Him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Phoebe Brown.

XXIV.

PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

O LORD, Thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour ;
And make her dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.

Awake Thy chosen few
To fervent, earnest prayer ;
Again their sacred vows renew ;
Thy blessed presence share.

Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break,
And rebels will obey.

Lord ! lend Thy gracious ear ;
Oh, listen to our cry !
O come, and bring salvation here !
Our hopes on Thee rely.

Phoebe Brown.

XXV.

MORS JANUA VITAE.

BESIDE a massive gateway built up in years gone
by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood
and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night ;
I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant
more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day
is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold now
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrow'd
brow ;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought ;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his
power.

I muse while still the woodthrush sings down the
golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes ;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays !
Oh crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze !
Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we know not
where !

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then
withdrawn ;
But still the sun shines round me : the evening bird
sings on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are open'd ; an infant group go
out,
The sweet smile quench'd for ever, and still'd the
sprightly shout.

Oh frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward
 strows

Its fair young buds unopen'd, with every wind that
 blows !

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of
 pride.

Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars
 gray,

And prints of little feet mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank
 with fear,

And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing
 near,

As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him the sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror ; yet these within my heart
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart,
And in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

William Cullen Bryant.

XXVI.

THE MOTHER'S HYMN.

L ORD, who ordainest for mankind
Benignant toils and tender cares !
We thank Thee for the tie that binds
The mother to the child she bears.

We thank Thee for the hopes that rise
Within her heart, as day by day,
The dawning soul, from those young eyes,
Looks with a clearer, steadier ray.

And grateful for the blessing given,
With that dear infant on her knee,
She trains the eye to look to heaven,
The voice to lisp a prayer to Thee.

Such thanks the blessed Mary gave,
When, from her lap, the Holy Child,
Sent from on high, to seek and save
The lost of earth, look'd up and smiled.

All Gracious ! grant to those who bear
A mother's charge, the strength and light
To lead the steps that own their care
In ways of love and truth and right.

William Cullen Bryant.

XXVII.

HYMN OF THE CITY.

NOT in the solitude
Alone, may man commune with heaven, or see
Only in savage wood,
Or sunny vale, the present Deity ;
Or only hear His voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty ! here, amidst the crowd
Through the great city roll'd,
With everlasting murmur, deep and loud,
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles—the work of humankind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwelling lies,
And lights their inner homes ;
For them Thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy Spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along ;
And this eternal sound,—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng,—

Like the resounding sea,
Or like the raving tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast,
The quiet of that moment, too, is Thine ;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

William Cullen Bryant.

XXVIII.

“BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.”

O H, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
The Power who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,*
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurn'd of man, he goes to die.

For God hath mark'd each sorrowing day
And number'd every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant.

XXIX.

DEDICATION HYMN.

O THOU, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side !

* Psalm lxxxiv. 6.

May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way ;
And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthen'd as they pray.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallow'd walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William Cullen Bryant.

XXX.

“NO MAN KNOWETH HIS SEPULCHRE.”

WHEN he, who from the scourge of wrong
Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly,
Saw the fair region, promised long,
And bow'd him on the hills to die ;

God made his grave, to men unknown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale enfold ;
And laid the aged seer alone,
To slumber while the world grows old.

Thus still, whene'er the good and just
Close the dim eye on life and pain,
Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust
Till the pure spirit comes again.

Though nameless, trampled, and forgot,
His servant's humble ashes lie,
Yet God has mark'd and seal'd the spot,
To call its inmate to the sky.

William Cullen Bryant.

XXXI.

FAITH'S REPOSE.

FATHER! beneath Thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good whose tidal flow
The motions of Thy will obeys ;
And death is good, that makes us know
The life divine, that all things sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,
And so thy perfect peace to win :
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeem'd from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide :
The grace that yields so rich a store,
Will grant us all we need beside.

William H. Burleigh.

XXXII.

A PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

LEAD us, O Father ! in the paths of peace ;
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase—
Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

Lead us, O Father ! in the paths of truth ;
Unhelp'd by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheer'd by faith and hope.

Lead us, O Father ! in the paths of right ;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a moral night,
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

Lead us, O Father ! to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be ;
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee !

William H. Burleigh.

XXXIII.

A PSALM OF NIGHT.

NOT only doth the voiceful Day
Thy loving-kindness, Lord, proclaim,
But Night, with its sublime array
Of worlds, doth magnify Thy name !
Yea, while adoring seraphim
Before Thee bend the willing knee,
From every star a choral hymn
Goes up unceasingly to Thee !

O Holy Father ! 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour,
We, too, would lift our solemn psalm
To praise Thy goodness and Thy power ;
For over us, as over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend ;
Nor vainly shall the contrite call
On Thee, our Father and our Friend.

Kept by Thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to Thy name we pour ;
Night o'er us with its stars, we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore !
In grief, console—in gladness, bless—
In darkness, guide—in sickness, cheer—
Till, perfected in righteousness,
Our souls before Thy throne appear.

William H. Burleigh.

XXXIV.

“BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.”

O H, deem not that earth's crowning bliss
Is found in joy alone ;
For sorrow, bitter though it be,
Hath blessings all its own ;
From lips divine, like healing balm,
To hearts oppress'd and torn,
This heavenly consolation fell—
“Blessed are they that mourn !”

As blossoms smitten by the rain,
Their sweetest odours yield—
As where the ploughshare deepest strikes,
Rich harvests crown the field ;
So, to the hopes by sorrow crush'd,
A nobler faith succeeds ;
And life, by trials furrow'd, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

Who never mourn'd, hath never known
What treasures grief reveals—
The sympathies that humanize,
The tenderness that heals,—
The power to look within the veil,
And learn the heavenly lore,
The key-word to life's mysteries,
So dark to us before.

How rich and sweet and full of strength
 Our human spirits are,
 Baptized into the sanctities
 Of suffering and of prayer !
 Supernal wisdom, love divine,
 Breathed through the lips which said,
 " Oh, blessed are the souls that mourn,—
 They shall be comforted."

William H. Burleigh.

XXXV.

FAITH.

STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,

And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod,
 Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
 Still will we trust in God !

Our eyes see dimly, till by Faith anointed,
 And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain ;
 Through Him alone who hath our way appointed,
 We find our peace again.

Choose for us, God !—nor let our weak preferring
 Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast design'd :
 Choose for us, God !—Thy wisdom is unerring,
 And we are fools and blind.

So, from our sky, the Night shall furl her shadows,
And Day pour gladness through his golden gates ;
Our rough path lead to flower-enamell'd meadows,
Where joy our coming waits.

Let us press on in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss —
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial ;
Our crown, beyond the cross.

William H. Burleigh.

XXXVI.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

THERE'S a Beautiful Land by the spoiler untrod,
Unpolluted by sorrow or care ;
It is lighted alone by the presence of God,
Whose throne and whose temple are there :
Its crystalline streams, with a murmurous flow,
Meander through valleys of green,
And its mountains of jasper are bright in the glow
Of a splendour no mortal hath seen.

And throngs of glad singers, with jubilant breath,
Make the air with their melodies rife ;
And one, known on earth as the Angel of Death,
Shines here as the Angel of Life !

An infinite tenderness beams from his eyes,
On his brow is an infinite calm,
And his voice, as it thrills through the depths of the
skies,
Is as sweet as the seraphim's psalm.

Through the amaranth groves of the Beautiful Land
Walk the souls who were faithful in this ;
And their foreheads, star-crown'd, by the zephyrs are
fann'd,
That evermore murmur of bliss ;
They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the trees,
And breathe the sweet odours of flowers
More fragrant than ever were kiss'd by the breeze
In Araby's loveliest bowers.

Old prophets, whose words were a spirit of flame
Blazing out o'er the darkness of time ;
And martyrs, whose courage no torture could tame,
Nor turn from their purpose sublime ;
And saints and confessors, a numberless throng,
Who were loyal to truth and to right,
And left, as they walk'd through the darkness of wrong,
Their footprints encircled with light.

And the dear little children, who went to their rest
Ere their lives had been sullied by sin,
While the Angel of Morning still tarried, a guest,
Their spirits' pure temple within—

All are there—all are there—in the Beautiful Land,
 The land by the spoiler untrod,
 And their foreheads, star-crown'd, by the breezes are
 fann'd
 That blow from the gardens of God!

My soul hath look'd in through the gateway of dreams,
 On the city all paven with gold,
 And heard the sweet flow of its murmurous streams,
 As through the green valleys they roll'd;
 And though it still waits on this desolate strand,
 A pilgrim and stranger on earth,
 Yet it knew, in that glimpse of the Beautiful Land,
 That it gazed on the home of its birth!

William H. Burleigh.

XXXVII.

“BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.”

THEY who have kept their spirit's virgin whiteness
 Undimm'd by folly and unstain'd by sin,
 And made their foreheads radiant with the brightness
 Of the pure truth whose temple is within,
 They shall see God.

Freed from the thrall of every sinful passion,
 Around their pathway beams celestial light;

They drink with joy the waters of salvation,
 And in His love, whose love is infinite,
 They shall see God.

Though clouds may darken into storms around them,
 The promise pours through all its steady ray ;
 Nor hate can daunt nor obloquy confound them,
 Nor earth's temptations lure them from the way
 That leads to God.

They shall see God! Oh ! glorious fruition
 Of all their hopes and longings here below !
 They shall see God in beatific vision,
 And evermore into His likeness grow—
 Children of God !

So when the measure of their faith is meted,
 And angels beckon from the courts on high—
 Fill'd with all grace, the work divine completed,
 They shall put on their immortality,
 And dwell with God !

William H. Burleigh.

XXXVIII.

MISERERE, DOMINE !

THOU, who look'st with pitying eye
 From thy radiant throne on high,
 On the spirit tempest-tost,
 Wretched, weary, wandering, lost ;

Ever ready help to give,
And entreating—"Look and live!"
By that love, exceeding thought,
Which from heaven the Saviour brought ;
By that mercy which could dare
Death to save us from despair,
Lowly bending at Thy feet,
We adore, implore, entreat,
Lifting heart and voice to Thee—
Miserere, Domine !

With the vain and giddy throng,
FATHER ! we have wander'd long,
Eager from thy paths to stray,
Chosen the forbidden way ;
Heedless of the light within,
Hurried on from sin to sin,
And with scoffers madly trod
On the mercy of our God !
Now to where Thine altars burn,
Penitently we return :
Though forgotten, Thou hast not
To be merciful forgot ;
Hear our suppliant cries to Thee—
Miserere, Domine !

From the burden of our grief
Who but Thou can give relief ?
Who can pour salvation's light
On the darkness of our night ?

Bow'd our load of sin beneath,
Who redeem our souls from death?
If in man we put our trust,
Scatter'd are our hopes like dust!
Smitten by Thy chastening rod,
Lo! we cry to Thee, our God!
From the perils of our path,
From the terrors of Thy wrath,
Save us, when we look to Thee—
Miserere, Domine!

Where the pastures greenly grow,
Where the waters gently flow,
And beneath the sheltering Rock,
With the Shepherd rests the flock,
Oh, let us be gather'd there,
Under thy paternal care;
Love and labour, and rejoice
With the people of Thy choice,
Till the toils of life are done,
Till the fight is fought and won,
And the crown with heavenly glow
Sparkles on the victor's brow!
Hear the prayer we lift to Thee,
Miserere, Domine!

William H. Burleigh.

XXXIX.

EVENING THANK - OFFERING.

THROUGH the changes of the day
Kept by Thy sustaining power,
Offering of thanks we pay,
Father, in this evening hour.
Praises to Thy name belong,
Source and Giver of all good ;
While we lift our evening song,
Fill our souls with gratitude.

From the dangers which have frown'd.
From the snares in secret set,
We have, through Thy mercy, found
Safety and deliverance yet.
All the day that mercy hath
Guarded us from ills untold,
All the day along our path
Scatter'd blessings manifold.

Spirit, who hast been our light
And the guardian of our way,
Let Thy mercy and Thy might
Keep us to another day :
Help us, Father, so to spend
All our moments as they flee,
That, when life and labour end,
We may fall asleep in Thee !

William H. Burleigh.

XL.

NEEDED BLESSINGS.

WE ask not that our path be always bright,
But for Thine aid to walk therein aright ;
That Thou, O Lord ! through all its devious way,
Wilt give us strength sufficient to our day,
For this, for this we pray.

Not for the fleeting joys that earth bestows,
Not for exemption from its many woes ;
But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,
With child-like faith we trust Thy guidance still,
And do Thy holy will.

Teach us, dear Lord ! to find the latent good
That sorrow yields, when rightly understood ;
And for the frequent joy that crowns our days,
Help us, with grateful hearts, our hymns to raise
Of thankfulness and praise.

Thou knowest all our needs, and wilt supply ;
No veil of darkness hides us from Thine eye,
Nor vainly, from the depths, on Thee we call ;
Thy tender love, that breaks the tempter's thrall,
Folds and encircles all.

Through sorrow and through loss, by toil and prayer,
Saints won the starry crowns which now they wear,

And by the bitter ministry of pain,
Grievous and harsh, but oh ! not sent in vain,
Found their eternal gain.

If it be ours, like them, to suffer loss,
Give grace, as unto them, to bear our cross,
Till, victors over each besetting sin,
We, too, Thy perfect peace shall enter in,
And crowns of glory win.

William H. Burleigh.

XLI.

GOOD IN ILL.

WHEN gladness gilds our prosperous day,
And hope is by fruition crown'd,
“ Oh Lord,” with thankful hearts we say,
“ How doth Thy love to us abound ! ”

But is that love less truly shown
When earthly joys lie cold and dead,
And hopes have faded, one by one,
Leaving sad memories in their stead ?

God knows the discipline we need
Nor sorrow sends for sorrow's sake ;
And though our stricken hearts may bleed,
His mercy will not let them break.

Oh, teach us to discern the good
Thou sendest in the guise of ill ;
Since all Thou dost, if understood,
Interpreteth Thy loving will.

For pain is not the end of pain,
Nor seldom trial comes to bless,
And work for us abundant gain,
The peaceful fruits of righteousness.

Then let us not, with anxious thought,
Ask of to-morrow's joys or woes,
But, by His word and Spirit taught,
Accept as best what God bestows.

William H. Burleigh.

XLII.

ANGELIC COMMUNINGS.

BOW, angels, from your glorious state,
If e'er on earth you trod,
And lead me through the golden gate
Of prayer, unto my God.

I long to gather from the word
The meaning, full and clear,
To build unto my gracious Lord
A tabernacle here.

Against my face the tempests beat,
The snows are falling chill,
When shall I hear the voice so sweet,
Commanding, Peace, be still !

The angels said, God giveth you
His love—what more is ours ?
Even as the cisterns of the dew
O'erflow upon the flowers,

His grace descends ; and, as of old,
He walks with men apart,
Keeping the promise, as foretold,
With all the pure in heart.

Alice Cary.

XLIII.

THE WAY.

I CANNOT plainly see the way,
So dark the grave is ; but I know
If I do truly work and pray,
Some good will brighten out of woe.

For the same hand that doth unbind
The winter winds, sends sweetest showers,
And the poor rustic laughs to find
His April meadows full of flowers.

I said I could not see the way,
And yet what need is there to see,
More than to do what good I may,
And trust the great strength over me ?

Why should my spirit pine, and lean
From its clay house ; or, restless, bow,
Asking the shadows, if they mean
To darken always, dim as now ?

Why should I vainly seek to solve
Free will, necessity, the pall ?
I feel—I know—that God is love,
And knowing this, I know it all.

Alice Cary.

XLIV.

LIFE'S JOURNEY ENDED.

LEAVE me, dear ones, to my slumber,
Daylight's faded glow is gone ;
In the red light of the morning
I must rise and journey on.

I am weary, oh, how weary !
And would rest a little while ;
Let your kind looks be my blessing,
And your last " Good-night " a smile.

We have journey'd up together,
Through the pleasant day-time flown ;
Now my feet have press'd life's summit,
And my pathway lies alone.

And, my dear ones, do not call me,
Should you haply be awake,
When across the eastern hill-tops
Presently the day shall break.

For, while yet the stars are lying
In the gray lap of the dawn,
On my long and solemn journey
I shall be awake and gone ;

Far from mortal pain and sorrow,
And from passion's stormy swell,
Knocking at the golden gateway
Of the eternal citadel.

Therefore, dear ones, let me slumber—
Faded is the day and gone ;
And, with morning's early splendour,
I must rise and journey on.

Alice Cary.

XLV.

LIGHT AND LOVE.

LIGHT waits for us in heaven : inspiring
thought !

That when the darkness all is overpast,
The beauty which the Lamb of God has bought
Shall flow about our savèd souls at last,
And wrap them from all night-time and all woe ;
The Spirit and the word assure us so.

Love lives for us in heaven. Oh, not so sweet
Is the May dew which mountain flowers inclose,
Nor golden raining of the winnow'd wheat,
Nor blushing out of the brown earth, of rose,
Or whitest lily, as, beyond time's wars,
The silvery rising of these two twin stars.

Alice Cary.

XLVI.

SOWING SEED.

GO and sow beside all waters,
In the morning of thy youth,
In the evening scatter broadcast
Precious seeds of living truth.

For though much may sink and perish
In the rocky, barren mould,
And the harvest of thy labour
May be less than thirty-fold,

Let thy hand be not withholden,
Still beside all waters sow,
For thou know'st not which shall prosper,
Whether this or that will grow ;

While some precious portion, scatter'd,
Germinating, taking root,
Shall spring up, and grow, and ripen
Into never-dying fruit.

Therefore sow beside all waters,
Trusting, hoping, toiling on ;
When the fields are white for harvest,
God will send His angels down.

And thy soul may see the value
Of its patient morns and eves,
When the everlasting garner
Shall be fill'd with precious sheaves.

Phæbe Cary.

XLVII.

MY BLESSINGS.

GR^EAT waves of plenty rolling up
Their golden billows to our feet,
Fields where the ungather'd rye is white,
Or heavy with the yellow wheat ;

Wealth surging inward from the sea,
And plenty through our land abroad,
With sunshine resting over all,
That everlasting smile of God !

For these, yet not for these alone,
My tongue its gratitude would say ;
All the great blessings of my life
Are present in my thought to-day.

For more than all my mortal wants
Have been, O God, thy full supplies ;
Health, shelter, and my daily bread,
For these my grateful thanks arise.

For ties of faith, whose wondrous strength
Time nor eternity can part ;
For all the words of love that fall
Like living waters on my heart ;

For even that fearful strife, where sin
Was conquer'd and subdued at length,
Temptations met and overcome,
Whereby my soul has gather'd strength ;

For all the warnings that have come
From mortal agony or death ;
For even that bitterest storm of life,
Which drove me on the rock of faith.

For all the past I thank Thee, God !
And for the future trust in Thee,
Whate'er of trial or blessing yet,
Ask'd or unask'd, Thou hast for me.

Yet only this one boon I crave,
After life's brief and fleeting hour,
Make my belovèd Thy beloved,
And keep us in Thy day of power !
Phæbe Cary

XLVIII.

DRAWING WATER.

I HAD drunk, with lips unsated,
Where the founts of pleasure burst ;
I had hewn out broken cisterns,
And they mock'd my spirit's thirst :

And I said, Life is a desert,
Hot, and measureless, and dry ;
And God will not give me water,
Though I pray, and faint, and die.

Spoke there then a friend and brother,
“ Rise, and roll the stone away ;
There are founts of life upspringing
In thy pathway every day.”

Then I said, my heart was sinful,
Very sinful was my speech ;
All the wells of God’s salvation
Are too deep for me to reach.

And he answer’d, “ Rise and labour,
Doubt and idleness is death ;
Shape thee out a goodly vessel
With the strong hands of thy faith.”

So I wrought and shaped the vessel,
Then knelt lowly, humbly there,
And I drew up living water
With the golden chain of prayer.

Phæbe Cary.

XLIX.

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I am nearer home to-day
Than I have ever been before ;

Nearer my Father's house
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea ;

Nearer the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dark abysm ;
Closer death to my lips
Presses the awful chrysm.

Father, perfect my trust ;
Strengthen the might of my faith ;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death,—

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink ;
For it may be I'm nearer home,—
Nearer now than I think.

Phæbe Cary.

L.

THE PRODIGAL.

BROTHER, hast thou wander'd far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war ?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come !

Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave ?
Squander'd life's most golden hours ?
Turn thee, brother, God can save !

Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul ?
Discontent upon thy brow ?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole !

He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear ;
Seek Him, for He may be found ;
Call upon Him ; He is near.

James Freeman Clarke.

LI.

CHRIST'S PRESENCE.

DEAR Friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine.

Come, visit us, and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and let us see
Life's water turn'd to wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes grow half divine,
When Jesus visits us, to make
Life's water glow as wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Grow bright with angel visits, when
The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing mine nor thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water turn'd to wine.

James Freeman Clarke.

LII.

“HE GIVETH POWER TO THE FAINT.”

FATHER, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and
shame,

Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify Thy name ;

That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on Thee still.

Let all Thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all Thy mercy on our souls be seal'd,
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make us clean ;
O, speak the word ! Thy servants shall be heal'd.

James Freeman Clarke.

LIII.

THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION.

FOR all Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord,
With lifted song and bended knee ;
But now our thanks are chiefly pour'd
For those who taught us to be free.

F'or when the soul lay bound below
A heavy yoke of forms and creeds,
And none Thy word of truth could know,
O'ergrown with tares and choked with weeds :

The monarch's sword, the prelate's pride,
The church's curse, the empire's ban,
By one poor monk were all defied,
Who never fear'd the face of man.

Half-battles were the words he said,
Each born of prayer, baptized in tears ;
And routed by them, backward fled
The errors of a thousand years.

With lifted song and bended knee,
For all Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord ;
But chief for those who made us free,
The champions of Thy holy word.

James Freeman Clarke.

LIV.

HYMN AND PRAYER.

INFINITE Spirit ! who art round us ever,
In whom we move, as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever,
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen, yet not unfelt, if any thought
Has raised our mind from earth ; or pure desire,
A generous act, or noble purpose brought,
It is Thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

To me, the meanest of Thy creatures, kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That I may live to glorify Thy name ;

That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on Thee still.

I am unworthy. Yet, for their dear sake,
I ask, whose roots planted in me are found ;
For precious vines are propp'd by rudest stake,
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

Beneath my leaves, though early fall'n and faded,
Young plants are warm'd,—they drink my branches'
dew :

Let them not, Lord, by me be Upas-shaded ;
Make me, for their sake, firm, and pure, and true.

For their sake, too, the faithful, wise, and bold,
Whose generous love has been my pride and stay,
Those who have found in me some trace of gold,
For their sake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,
Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest ;
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,
When on His soul the guilt of man was press'd.

Tender and sensitive, He braved the storm,
That we might 'scape a well-deserved fate !
Pour'd out His soul in supplication warm !
Look'd with His eyes of love on eyes of hate !

Let all this goodness by my mind be seen ;
Let all this merey on my heart be seal'd ;
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make me clean :
O, speak the word—Thy servant shall be heal'd.

James Freeman Clarke.

LV.

“SO THEY DID EAT AND WERE FILLED.”

THOUSANDS completely fed
With a few loaves of bread
Such as would barely form one household's fare,
And, when the feast was o'er,
The fragments were a store
Enough for needy hundreds still to share !

What was the power that wrought
This wonder passing thought ?
What but that WORD divine, which call'd of yore
Systems and suns to grace
The mighty realms of space,
And then with life and beauty spread them o'er ?

God only can create ;
None less could arrogate
The power to sway all nature with a nod :
O Christ, be Thou adored !
For that creative word
Which bless'd the bread, was God's,—and Thou art
God !

Joseph H. Clinch.

LVI.

“WHY STAND YE HERE ALL THE DAY IDLE?”

WHAT can I do the cause of God to aid?
Can powers so weak as mine
Forward the great design?
Not by young hands are mighty efforts made.

Not mighty efforts, but a willing mind,
Not strong, but ready hands
The vineyard's Lord demands ;
For every age fit labour He will find.

Come, then, in childhood to the vineyard's gate :
E'en you can dress the roots,
And train the tender shoots,
Then why in sloth and sin contented wait ?

To move the harden'd soil, to bend and lift
The fallen branch, to tread
The wine-press full and red,
These need a stronger arm, a nobler gift.

But all can aid the work. The little child
May gather up some weed,
Or drop some fertile seed,
Or strew with flowers the path which else were dark
and wild.

Joseph H. Clinch.

LVII.

“PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD.”

YOUNG soldier of the cross, beware !
A watchful foe besets thy way,
His bow is ready bent to slay
Thy soul unarm'd and bare :—
Gird on thine armour for the fight,
Close on the left hand and the right.

Let truth's pure girdle belt thee round,
Let Christ's own righteousness complete
Protect thy breast, and be thy feet
With Gospel fitness bound ;
Thy shield be Faith's unchanging light,
Salvation's hope thy helmet bright.

Grasp in thy hand that potent sword
In heaven's high armoury prepared,
Quick to attack, and strong to guard—
The weapon of God's word ;
Then, strong in prayer, pursue thy way,
Nor foe shall crush nor arrow slay !

Joseph H. Clinch.

LVIII.

THE HEART'S SONG.

“ Behold, I stand at the door.”

I N the silent midnight watches,
 List thy bosom-door ;
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
 Knocketh evermore !
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating,
 'Tis thy heart of sin ;
'Tis thy Saviour stands entreating,
 “ Rise and let Me in.”

Death comes down with equal footstep
 To the hall and hut ;
Think you death will stand a-knocking
 Where the door is shut ?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth ;
 But thy door is fast ;
Grieved, at length away He turneth.
 Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
 Christ to let thee in ;
At the door of heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy sin.

Nay, alas thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot ?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But—He knows thee not.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

LIX.

OH, WALK WITH GOD.

“ And Enoch walked with God.”

OH, walk with God, and thou shalt find
How He can charm thy way,
And lead thee with a quiet mind
Into His perfect day.
His love shall cheer thee, like the dew
That bathes the drooping flower,
That love is every morning new,
Nor fails at evening's hour.

Oh, walk with God, and thou with smiles
Shalt tread the way of tears,
His mercy every ill beguiles,
And softens all our fears.
No fire shall harm thee, if alas !
Through fires He bid thee go ;
Through waters, when thy footsteps pass,
They shall not overflow.

Oh, walk with God, while thou on earth
With pilgrim steps must fare,
Content to leave the world its mirth,
And claim no dwelling there.
A stranger, thou must seek a home
Beyond the fearful tide,
And if to Canaan thou wouldst come,
Oh, who but God can guide ?

Oh, walk with God, and thou shalt go
Down death's dark vale in light,
And find thy faithful walk below
Hath reach'd to Zion's height !
Oh, walk with God, if thou wouldst see
Thy pathway thither tend :
And lingering though thy journey be,
'Tis heaven and home at end !

Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

LX.

THE CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

SOLDIER, to the contest pressing,
Onward, let thy watchword be ;
God upon thee pours His blessing ;
What though man derideth thee !

Onward, though the faggot's burning
Be thy pathway's only light :
Onward, death and danger spurning,
Onward in the path of right !

God, for all thy wants providing,
Armour trusty hath for thee ;
Gird thyself, in Him confiding,
With the goodly panoply :

Righteousness thy breast defending,
And thy feet with justice shod ;
Onward ; with the foe contending,
Wield thy sword, the word of God.

Thine the helmet of salvation,
Faith thy mighty shield shall be ;
And let prayer and supplication
Lance and glorious falchion be.

Still the standard o'er thee streaming
Be the banner pure of love,
Where in glorious blazon beaming,
Float thy pinions, holy dove !

Onward then, with bold contending,
In the path the martyrs trod :
God to thee His strength is lending,
Onward, in the strength of God.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

LXI.

“TEMPTED LIKE AS WE ARE.”

STILL as our day our strength shall be,
While still, good Lord, we trust in Thee ;
While on Thy promise we depend,
Our Saviour, Brother, Father, Friend ;
Our great High Priest, to whom were known
Temptations, troubles, like our own ;
Who canst be touch'd with mortal care,
For Thou didst all our sorrows bear.

O Lamb of God, the world on Thee
Hath laid her deep infirmity ;
And in the cross that weigh'd Thee down,
The bitter scourge, the thorny crown,
Thou all her griefs, and all her fears,
Didst bear through all Thine earthly years,
The guiltless, for the guilty one,
For man, the Everlasting Son.

O Saviour mine, how great the love
That brought Thee from Thy throne above !
That love, what seraph's lyre can tell,
That wondrous love unspeakable !
So infinite, so all divine !
Unlike all other love but Thine ;

Like none but Jesu, none but Thee,
Thou bleeding Lamb of Calvary !

Give me, Thou glorious Lamb of God,
Daily to walk where Thou hast trod,
And in adoring rapture grow,
As in Thy lowly steps I go.
Give me to ponder, more and more,
Thy words and Thy example's lore,
That walking here, my God, with Thee,
Still as my days my strength may be.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

LXII.

THE SOUL-DIRGE.

“ Then said Jesus, Will ye also go away ? ”—*St. John* vi. 67.

THE organ play'd sweet music
Whileas, on Easter-day,
All heartless from the altar,
The heedless went away ;
And down the broad aisle crowding,
They seem'd a funeral train
That were burying their spirits
To the music of that strain.

As I listen'd to the organ,
And saw them crowd along,
I thought I heard two voices
Speaking strangely, but not strong ;
And one it whisper'd sadly,
“ Will ye also go away ? ”
But the other spoke exulting,
“ Ha ! the soul-dirge !—hear it play ! ”

Hear the soul-dirge ! hear the soul-dirge !
And see the feast divine !
Ha ! the jewels of salvation,
And the trampling feet of swine !
Hear the soul-dirge ! hear the soul-dirge !
Little think they, as they go,
What priceless pearls they tread on,
Who spurn their Saviour so.

Hear the soul-dirge ! hear the soul-dirge !
It was dread to hear it play,
While the famishing went crowding
From the Bread of Life away.
They were bidden, they were bidden
To their Father's festal board ;
But they all, with gleeful faces,
Turn'd their back upon the Lord.

You had thought the church a prison,
Had you seen how they did pour,

With giddy, giddy faces,
From the consecrated door.
There was angels' food all ready,
But the bidden, where were they?
O'er the highways and the hedges,
Ere the soul-dirge ceased to play.

Oh, the soul-dirge, how it echoed
The emptied aisles along,
As the open street grew crowded
With the full outpouring throng;
And then—again the voices,
“Ha! the soul-dirge!—hear it play!”
And the pensive, pensive whisper,
“Will ye also go away?”

Few, few were they that linger'd
To sup with Jesus there;
And yet, for all that spurn'd Him
There was plenty, and to spare;
And now the food of angels
Uncover'd to my sight,—
All glorious was the altar,
And the chalice glitter'd bright.

Then came the hymn Trisagion,
And rapt me up on high,
With angels and archangels
To laud and magnify.

I seem'd to feast in heaven ;
 And downward wafted then,
 With angels chanting round me,
 Good-will and peace to men.

I may not tell the rapture
 Of a banquet so divine ;
 Ho ! every one that thirsteth,
 Let him taste the bread and wine :
 Hear the Bride and Spirit saying,
 “ Will ye also go away ? ”
 Or, go, poor soul, for ever !
 Oh, the soul-dirge !—hear it play !

Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

LXIII.

WATCHWORDS.

A HYMN FOR THE TIMES.

WE are living—we are dwelling
 In a grand and awful time :
 In an age, on ages telling,
 To be living is sublime.

Hark ! the waking up of nations,
 Gog and Magog to the fray ;
 Hark ! what soundeth, is Creation's
 Groaning for the latter day.

Will ye play, then ! will ye dally,
With your musie, with your wine ?
Up ! it is Jehovah's rally !
God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark ! the onset ! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock ?
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier !
Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging—heaven beholding ;
Thou hast but an hour to fight ;
Now, the blazon'd cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right !

What ! still hug thy dreamy slumbers ?
'Tis no time for idling play :
Wreaths, and dance, and poet-numbers,
Flout them ! we must work to-day !

Fear not ! spurn the worldling's laughter ;
Thine ambition—trample thou !
Thou shalt find a long hereafter
To be more than tempts thee now.

Oh ! let all the soul within you,
For the truth's sake go abroad !
Strike ! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God.

Magog leadeth many a vassal,
 Christ his few—His little ones ;
 But about our leaguer'd castle,
 Rear and vanguard are his sons !

Seal'd to blush, to waver never :
 Cross'd, baptized, and born again,
 Sworn to be Christ's soldiers ever,
 Oh, for Christ, at least be men !

Arthur Cleveland Core.

LXIV.

WESTERN MISSIONS.

WESTWARD, Lord, the world alluring,
 Has Thy risen day-star beam'd,
 And, the sinking soul assuring,
 O'er the world's wide ocean stream'd.
 Westward, still, the midnight breaking,
 Westward, still, its light be pour'd !
 Nations Thy possession making,
 Utmost lands Thy dwelling, Lord !

Where the wilderness is lying,
 And the trees of ages nod,
 Westward, in the desert crying,
 Make a highway for our God.

Westward, till the church be kneeling
 In the forest aisles so dim,
 And the wild wood's arches pealing
 With the people's holy hymn.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

LXV.

HYMN FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

CREATOR Spirit! come and bless us;
 Let Thy love and fear possess us;
 With Thy graces meek and lowly
 Purify our spirits wholly.
 Paraclete, the name Thou bearest,
 Gift of God the choicest, dearest,
 Love, and fire, and fountain living;
 Spiritual unction giving,
 Shower Thy benedictions seven
 From Thy majesty in heaven.

Be the Saviour's word unbroken,
 Let Thy many tongues be spoken;
 In our sense Thy light be glowing,
 Through our souls Thy love be flowing;
 Cause the carnal heart to perish,
 But the strength of virtue cherish,
 Till each enemy repelling,
 And Thy peace around us dwelling,
 We beneath Thy guidance glorious,
 Stand o'er every ill victorious.

William Crosswell.

LXVI.

CLOUDS.

I CANNOT look above, and see
Yon high-piled, pillowy mass
Of evening clouds, so swimmingly
In gold and purple pass,
And think not, Lord, how Thou wast seen
On Israel's desert way,
Before them, in Thy shadowy screen,
Pavilion'd all the day ;—

Or of those robes of gorgeous hue
Which the Redeemer wore ;
When, ravish'd from His followers' view,
Aloft His flight He bore ;
When, lifted as on mighty wing,
He curtain'd His ascent,
And, wrapt in clouds, went triumphing
Above the firmament.

Is it a trail of that same pall
Of many-colour'd dyes,
That high above, o'ermantling all,
Hangs midway down the skies ?
Or borders of those sweeping folds
Which shall be all unfurl'd
Above the Saviour, when He holds
His judgment on the world ?

For in like manner as He went,
 (My soul, hast thou forgot?)
Shall be His terrible descent,
 When man expecteth not.
Strength, Son of Man! against that hour,
 Be to our spirits given,
When Thou shalt come again, with power,
 Upon the clouds of heaven.

William Croswell.

LXVII.

FOR VISITORS OF THE SICK.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
 By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasure still be spent,
 Like His, upon the poor;
Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
 Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
 Would seek the desolate.

For Thou hast placed us side by side,
 In this wide world of ill,
And that Thy followers may be tried,
 The poor are with us still.
Mean are all offerings we can make,
 But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
 They lose not their reward.

William Croswell.

LXVIII.

ADVENT.

“Rejoice in the Lord alway ; and again I say, Rejoice. The Lord is at hand.”

NOW gird your patient loins again,
Your wasting torches trim ;
The Chief of all the sons of men—
Who will not welcome Him ?
Rejoice ! the hour is near ; at length
The Journeyer on His way
Comes in the greatness of His strength
To keep His holy day.

With cheerful hymns and garlands sweet,
Along His wintry road,
Conduct Him to His green retreat,
His shelter'd, safe abode ;
Fill all His courts with sacred songs,
And from the temple wall
Wave verdure o'er the joyful throngs
That crowd His festival.

And still more greenly in the mind
Store up the hopes sublime
Which then are born for all mankind,
So blessed was the time ;
And underneath these hallow'd eaves
A Saviour will be born
In every heart that Him receives
On His triumphal morn.

William Croswell.

LXIX.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade and cloy ;
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

From every piercing sorrow,
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away ;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

'Tis true we are but strangers
And sojourners below,
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go.
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above,
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

Eliel Davis.

LXX.

MORNING HYMN.

BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
Light of Light, unclouded day,
Lo ! we rise to sing Thy praises ;
Hear us, help us, while we pray.
Lighten Thou our mental darkness,
Bid each hellish tempter flee,
Rouse our dulness, lest it deaden
Our devotions, Lord, to Thee.
Saviour, deign to each believer
These, Thy favours, to extend ;
Answer'd thus, our prayers and praises
Shall for evermore ascend.
Hear us, Father, we intreat Thee,
Hear us, Saviour, we implore,
Hear and help us, Holy Spirit,
Thou that reignest evermore.

George W. Doane.

LXXI.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

CHILD, that kneelest meekly there,
Pouring all thy soul in prayer,
Would that I might be like thee,
In unreserving piety.

Such as thou did Jesus take,
Model for mankind to make ;
Such as thou, in guileless love,
Nursling of the Heavenly Dove.

Oh, that while on thee I gaze,
I might learn thy blessed ways ;
All thy confidence of heart,
All thine innocence of art.

Saviour, once Thyself a child,
Good and gentle, meek and mild,
Make me such as this to be ;
Reproduce Thyself in me !

George W. Doane.

LXXII.

FOR THE SEASON OF LENT.

FATHER of Mercies, hear !
Thy pardon we implore,
While daily, through this sacred fast,
Our prayers, our tears we pour.

Searcher of hearts, to Thee
Our helplessness is known ;
Be then, to those who seek Thy face,
Thy free forgiveness shown.

Our sins have numerous been,
We own it, Lord, with shame ;
Yet spare and heal the broken heart,
Spare, for Thy glorious name.

Grant us the body so
By fasting to restrain,
That sinful thoughts and vain desires
Our souls no more may stain.

Thus to Thy contrite ones
Thy mercy shall be shown ;
We ask it, blessed One in Three,
We ask it, Three in One.

George W. Doane.

LXXIII.

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

FLING out the banner ! let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide ;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The cross, on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the banner ! Angels bend,
In anxious silence, o'er the sign ;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

Fling out the banner ! Heathen lands
Shall see, from far, the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner ! Sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner ! Let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide ;
Our glory, only in the cross ;
Our only hope the Crucified.

Fling out the banner ! Wide and high,
Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine :
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours ;
We conquer only in that sign.

George W. Doane.

LXXIV.

A PRAYER.

GRANT me, great Lord, Thy graces three,
Faith and Hope and Charity ;
Faith, that on the cross relies,
And trusts but in Thy sacrifice,

Hope, that, when by woe opprest,
Points upward to a heavenly rest ;
And last, the greatest of the three,
Oh, give me gentle Charity :
To suffer all ; to know no pride ;
To strive another's faults to hide ;
To answer with a soothing smile,
When men, with angry words, revile ;
To envy not that happiness
Thy hand denies me to possess ;
The rich man's wealth to covet not,
Though poverty should be my lot.
Teach me, through every earthly ill,
To be submissive to Thy will ;
And let me of Thy grace receive,
As I my enemies forgive.
Then Faith and Hope and Charity
Will lead me on to heaven through Thee.

George W. Doane.

LXXV.

THE TWO ADVENTS.

HE came not, with His heavenly crown, His
sceptre clad with power,
His coming was in feebleness, the infant of an
hour ;

An humble manger cradled, first, the Virgin's holy
birth,
And lowing herds companion'd there, the Lord of
heaven and earth.

He came not in His robe of wrath, with arm outstretch'd
to slay ;
But on the darkling paths of earth to pour celestial
day,
To guide in peace the wandering feet, the broken heart
to bind,
And bear, upon the painful cross, the sins of human
kind.

And Thou hast borne them, Saviour meek ! and there-
fore unto Thee,
In humbleness and gratitude, our hearts shall offer'd
be ;
And greenly, as the festal bough, that on Thy altar
lies,
Our souls, our bodies, all be Thine, a living sacrifice !

Yet once again, Thy sign shall be, upon the heavens
display'd,
And earth, and its inhabitants, be terribly afraid ;
For, not in weakness clad Thou com'st our woes, our
sins to bear,
But girt with all Thy Father's might, His vengeance
to declare.

The terrors of that awful day, oh ! who shall understand ?

Or, who abide, when Thou in wrath shalt lift Thy holy hand ?

The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar, the sun in heaven grow pale,

But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change, Thy faithful wilt not fail.

Then grant us, Saviour ! so to pass our time in trembling here,

That when, upon the clouds of heaven, Thy glory shall appear,

Uplifting high our joyful heads, in triumph we may rise,
And enter, with Thine angel-train, Thy temple in the skies !

George W. Doane.

LXXVI.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

LIFT not thou the wailing voice,
Weep not, 'tis a Christian dieth.
Up, where blessed saints rejoice,
Ransom'd now, the spirit flieth ;
High in heaven's own light she dwelleth ;
Full the song of triumph swelleth ;
Freed from earth and earthly failing,
Lift for her no voice of wailing.

Pour not thou the bitter tear ;
Heaven its book of comfort opeth ;
Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,
But as one who always hopeth,
Humbly here in faith relying,
Peacefully in Jesus dying,
Heavenly joy her eye is flushing,
Why should thine with tears be gushing ?

They who die in Christ are blest,
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving ;
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving.
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown secureth.

George W. Doane.

LXXVII.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERINGS.

PERFECT through sufferings : " may it be,
Saviour, made perfect thus for me !
I bow, I kiss, I bless the rod
That brings me nearer to my God.

“ Perfect through suffering : ” be Thy cross
The crucible to purge my dross !

Welcome, for that, its pangs, its scorns,
Its scourge, its nails, its crown of thorns.

“ Perfect through suffering : ” heap the fire,
And pile the sacrificial pyre ;

But spare each loved and loving one,
And let me feed the flames alone.

“ Perfect through suffering : ” urge the blast,
More free, more full, more fierce, more fast ;

It reeks not where the dust be trod,
So the flame waft my soul to God.

George W. Doane.

LXXVIII.

EVENING.

(*Psalm cxlii. 2.*)

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee :

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee :

Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity ;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

George W. Doane.

LXXIX.

“THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.”

(St. John xiv. 6.)

THOU art the Way, to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
 Grant us that way to know,
 That truth to keep, that life to win,
 Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane.

LXXX.

“THIS IS A FAITHFUL SAYING.”

YES, it is a faithful saying,
 Christ, the Saviour, died for me :
 Haste, my soul, without delaying,
 To His great atonement flee.

Shall the Lord of earth and heaven,
 Sojourning with sinful men,
 Die, that they may be forgiven,
 Yet His death be all in vain ?

No—by every drop that's streaming
 Down from that accursèd tree,
 By Thy death, my soul redeeming,
 Saviour, I will come to Thee.

Worldly riches, honours, pleasures,
 Shall no more my soul detain ;
 Dearer Thou than all the treasures
 Earth can give, or life can gain.

George W. Doane.

LXXXI.

“STAND UP FOR JESUS.”

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus !
 Ye soldiers of the cross ;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss.
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall He lead,
 Till every foe is vanquish'd,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus !
 The solemn watchword hear,
 If while ye sleep He suffers,¹
 Away with shame and fear ;
 Where'er ye meet with evil,
 Within you or without,
 Charge for the God of Battles,
 And put the foe to rout !

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus !
 The trumpet call obey,
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day.
 “Ye that are men now serve Him,”
 Against unnumber'd foes ;

¹ Matthew xxvi. 36-46.

Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up !—stand up for Jesus !
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer ;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there !

Stand up !—stand up for Jesus !
Each soldier to his post ;
Close up the broken column,
And shout through all the host !
Make good the loss so heavy,
In those that still remain,
And prove to all around you
That death itself is gain !

Stand up !—stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally !

George Duffield, Jun.

LXXXII.

NATIONAL HYMN.

GOD bless our native land !
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night :
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might !

For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies ;
On Him we wait.
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state.

John S. Dwight.

LXXXIII.

“ A GREAT KING, ABOVE ALL GODS.”

HOW pleasing is Thy voice,
O Lord, our heavenly King ;
That bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring !

The rains return,
The ice distils,
And plains and hills
Forget to mourn.

The morn with glory crown'd,
Thy hand arrays in smiles ;
Thou bid'st the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills.
Soft suns ascend ;
The mild wind blows ;
And beauty glows
To earth's far end.

Thy showers make soft the fields ;
On every side behold
The ripening harvest wave
Their loads of richest gold !
The labourers sing
With cheerful voice,
And, blest, rejoice
In God, their King.

The thunder is His voice ;
His arrows blazing fires ;
He glows in yonder sun,
And smiles in starry choirs.
The balmy breeze
His breath perfumes ;
His beauty blooms
In flowers and trees.

With life He clothes the spring ;
The earth with summer warms ;
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides in wintry storms.
His gifts divine
Through all appear,
And round the year
His glories shine.

Timothy Dwight.

LXXXIV.

“ PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF JERUSALEM.”

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

I love thy church, O God !
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight.

LXXXV.

TER SANCTUS.

O HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord,
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy Name :
For ever be Thy Name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstacy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song ;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint's and seraph's burning tongue.
James Wallace Eastburn.

LXXXVI.

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

STRANGERS no more we wildly rove
Without a blessing from above,
On passion's stormy sea ;
But with the followers of the Lamb
We live to praise His holy name,
• To all eternity.

Upon a sure foundation laid,
Jesus, Himself the corner's head,
The building grows on high ;
No storms can shake, no billows sweep
Its firm foundations to the deep ;
'Tis guarded by the sky.

O may we each through faith prepare
In that resplendent pile to share,
Each be a living stone ;
Our God shall there for ever dwell,
And bliss and light ineffable
Eternal ages crown !

James Wallace Eastburn.

LXXXVII.

THE SEAMAN'S HYMN.

O THOU eternal viewless God
That ridest on the seas,
Thou that controullest with a nod
The billow and the breeze—

Thy powerful arm alone can save
Thy children on the deep,
Can bear them o'er the curling wave,
And down the threat'ning steep.

Though staunch our bark and proud her way,
Though breezes swell the sails,
Yet Lord, if Thou art not our stay,
The seaman's courage fails.

Be Thou, O God ! our kind support,
Our earnest hopes fulfil ;
On the wild ocean, or in port
Be Thou our anchor still.

And oh ! when near temptation's shoal,
No beacon shines from far,
Cheer Thou the seaman's anxious soul
With Bethlehem's holy star.

Jesus, our helm, we look to Thee,
Nor shall we look in vain,
From quicksands Thou wilt keep us free,
And guide us o'er the main.

And soon, our chequer'd voyage o'er,
And we have cross'd life's sea,
Grant that our crew may tread the shore
Of bless'd eternity.

Joseph Eastburn.

LXXXVIII.

CHRIST WHO STRENGTHENETH ME.

FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die ?
Who, O God, my guide shall be ?
Who shall lead Thy child to Thee ?

Blessed Father, gracious one,
Thou hast sent Thy holy Son ;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever learn of Him ;
From His precepts wisdom draw,
Make His life my solemn law.

Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die :

Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above ;—
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling Thee, my Father, near.

William H. Furness.

LXXXIX.

A COMMUNION HYMN.

HERE, in the broken bread,
Here, in the cup we take,
His body and His blood behold,
Who suffer'd for our sake.

Yes, that our souls might live,
Those sacred limbs were torn,
That blood was spilt, and pangs untold
Were by the Saviour borne.

Oh Thou who didst allow
Thy Son to suffer thus,
Father, what more couldst thou have done
Than Thou hast done for us ?

William H. Furness.

XC.

MORNING HYMN.

I N the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day ;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow, gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, oh, shine !

Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in Thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep mine eyes, O God ! from tears ;
Every step Thy love attend,
And my soul from death defend.

William H. Furness.

XCI.

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT.

O H, is there aught on earth to share
Hearts that belong to God alone ?
What are the idols reigning there
Compared with Thee, All-holy One ?

Fountain of living waters ! we
To earthly springs would stoop no more,
Athirst we humbly turn to Thee,
Into our hearts Thy Spirit pour,—

The Spirit of Thy perfect love,
The Spirit of Thy truth and peace,
Come, Blessed Spirit, from above,
And all these earth-bound souls release.

William H. Furness.

XCII.

EVENING HYMN.

SLOWLY by God's hand unfurl'd,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness ; oh, how still
Is the working of Thy will !

Mighty Maker ! Here am I,
Work in me as silently,
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darken'd sky come forth
Countless stars, a wondrous birth !
So may gleams of glory dart
Through the dim abyss, my heart.

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought,
High and infinite desires,
Burning like those upper fires.

Holy truth, eternal right,
Let them break upon my sight,
Let them shine unclouded, still,
And with light my being fill.

'Thou art there. Oh, let me know,
'Thou art here within me too,
Be the perfect peace of God
Here as there now shed abroad.

May my soul attuned be
To that perfect harmony,
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

William H. Furness.

XCIII.

DEDICATORY HYMN.

TO the High and Holy One,
To His Spirit, to His Son
Be this place for ever given,
House of God and gate of heaven.

To the truth that makes us free,
To the light that leads to Thee
We this temple dedicate,
And Thy grace, O God, await.

Canst Thou be approach'd by men?
Angels and archangels, when
God His glory on them sheds,
Veil their faces, bow their heads.

Yet, Almighty One, Thou art
Present in the contrite heart,
There dost Thou descend and reign
Whom the heavens cannot contain.

Be our hearts the temples where,
Witnesses that Thou art there,
Come, descending from above,
Faith all-cleansing, peace and love.

These shall consecrate this place
With the beauty of Thy grace,
Radiant thus with light divine
Be this house for ever Thine !

William H. Furness.

XCIV.

GOSPEL INVITATION.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day ;
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there's room ;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die ?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high :
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

Child of sin and sorrow,
Thy moments glide

Like the flitting arrow
Or the rushing tide ;
Ere time is o'er
Heaven's grace implore,
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.

Thomas Hastings.

xcv.

IN SORROW.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Through the trials yet decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us—
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings.

XCVI.

SOWING AND REAPING.

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above :
Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine ;
Precious fruit will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy ;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
Lo ! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear ;
Look again ! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings.

XCVII.

THE LORD IS RISEN.

HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veil'd in midnight gloom !

Oh ! weep no more the Saviour slain ;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

Ye mourning saints ! dry every tear
For your departed Lord ;
“ Behold the place—He is not here,”
The tomb is all unbarr'd :
The gates of death were closed in vain :
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will Himself be there,
Your advocate and friend ;
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

How tranquil now the rising day !
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears :
Oh ! weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blissful then to die :
Since He has risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

Thomas Hastings.

XCVIII.

TRUST IN GOD AMID PERILS.

I N time of fear,
When trouble's near,
I look to Thine abode ;
Though helpers fail,
And foes prevail,
I'll put my trust in God.

And what is life
But toil and strife ?
What terror has the grave ?
Thine arm of power,
In peril's hour,
The trembling soul will save.

In darkest skies,
Though storms arise,
I will not be dismay'd ;
O God of light,
And boundless might,
My soul on Thee is stay'd !

Thomas Hastings.

XCIX.

LEANING ON THE SAVIOUR.

JESUS, merciful and mild,
Lead me, as a helpless child ;
On no other arm but Thine
Would my weary soul recline ;
Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou canst bid the sinner live—
Guide the wanderer, day by day,
In the straight and narrow way.

I am weakness, Thou art might ;
I am darkness, Thou art light ;
I am all defiled with sin,
Thou canst make me pure within ;
Foes that threaten to devour,
In Thy presenee have no power ;
Thou canst bid their rage be still,
And my heart with comfort fill.

Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place ;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure ;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire ?
All I need in Thee I see,
Thou art all in all to me.

Jesus, Saviour all divine,
Hast Thou made me truly Thine ?
Hast Thou bought me by Thy blood ?
Reconciled my heart to God ?
Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me Thy own image bear ;
Let me love Thee more and more,
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

Thomas Hastings.

c.

PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

O LORD, Thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And make our dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.

O let Thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer ;
Again their sacred vows renew,
Thy blessed presence share.

Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

Now lend Thy gracious ear ;
Now listen to our cry ;
Oh, come and bring salvation near ;
Our hopes on Thee rely.

Thomas Hastings.

CI.

PILGRIMAGE.

PILGRIMS in this vale of sorrow,
Pressing onward toward the prize,
Strength and comfort here we borrow
From the hand that rules the skies.

'Mid these scenes of self-denial,
We are call'd the race to run ;
We must meet full many a trial
Ere the victor's crown is won.

Love shall every comfort lighten,
Hope shall urge us swifter on,
Faith shall every prospect brighten,
Till the light of heaven shall dawn.

On th' Eternal arm reclining,
We at length shall win the day ;
All the powers of earth combining
Shall not snatch our crown away.

Thomas Hastings.

CII.

CHRIST OUR REFUGE IN TROUBLE.

QUIET, Lord, this trembling frame,
Tranquillize this beating heart,
Let the savour of Thy name
Sweetest influences now impart,
Till the thought that Thou art near
Shall dispel each rising fear.

Let me find a hallow'd rest
Never more in sin to rove,
Gently leaning on Thy breast
In humility and love ;
Like a simple-hearted child,
With affections undefiled.

Then, though earthly cares assail,
Though afflictions mark my way,
No temptations shall prevail
To dishearten or betray :
While I thus in Thee confide,
Every want is satisfied.

Thomas Hastings.

CIII.

INVALID'S HYMN.

QUIETLY rest in the arms of affection
That Heaven extends to the weary and worn :
Sweetly repose in the Father's protection,
Who bade the lone wanderer to Jesus return.

Quietly rest when afflictions attend thee,
And cast every care on the bosom of Love ;
Jesus can cause e'en thy griefs to befriend thee,
While blessings unnumber'd descend from above.

Quietly rest e'en in sickness and sorrow,
When energies fail thee, in body and mind ;
Rest on the thought of eternity's morrow,
With every int'rest to Jesus resign'd.

Quietly rest, for whate'er may betide thee,
The Shepherd of Israel will keep thee from harm ;
No truly good thing has been ever denied thee,
Rest on His promise and feel no alarm.

Thomas Hastings.

CIV.

INVITATION TO WANDERERS.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee :
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery :
Return, return !

Return, O wanderer, to thy home ;
'Tis Jesus calls for thee :
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come ;
Oh, now for refuge flee !
Return, return !

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay :
There are no pardons in the tomb ;
And brief is mercy's day !
Return, return !

Thomas Hastings.

CV.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

SONGS in the night full oft are given,
Soft breathing from the air of heaven
Sweet zephyrs to the soul,
The pilgrim's lonely heart to cheer,
And bring celestial glories near
By their divine control.

Songs in the night kind Heaven supplies,
When cares and trials round us rise,
Our comfort to destroy ;
They bid the tempter far retire,
And fill the soul with holy fire,
Celestial peace and joy.

Songs in the night of sorrow's power,
 Affliction's tempest, death's dark hour,
 The pilgrim yet will sing ;
 He'll shout with faith's uplifted eye,
 " O Grave, where is thy victory !
 O Death, where is thy sting !"

Thomas Hastings.

CVI.

THE CHRISTIAN IN DEATH.

WHY lament the Christian dying?
 Why indulge in tears or gloom ?
 Calmly on the Lord relying,
 He can greet the opening tomb.

What if death, with icy fingers,
 All the fount of life congeals ?
 'Tis not there thy brother lingers,
 'Tis not death his *spirit* feels.

Though for him thy soul is mourning,
 Though with grief thy heart is riven,
 While his flesh to dust is turning,
 All his soul is fill'd with heaven.

Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
 Now forbid his longer stay ;
 See him rise o'er death victorious,
 Angels beckon him away.

Hark ! the golden harps are ringing,
Sounds of rapture fill his ear ;
Millions, now in heaven singing,
Greet his joyful entrance there.

Thomas Hastings.

CVII.

STRENGTH FROM THE CROSS.

IT is finished !” Man of sorrows !
From Thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

While extended there we view Thee,
Mighty Sufferer ! draw us to Thee ;
Sufferer victorious !

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted !
May that sacred emblem be ;

Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to Thee !

Still to thee ! whose love unbounded
Sorrow’s depths for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.

Honour’d be Thy cross for ever ;
Star, that points our high endeavour
Whither Thou hast gone before !

Francis H. Hedge.

CVIII.

INVOCATION TO PUBLIC WORSHIP.

SOVEREIGN and transforming Grace !
We invoke Thy quickening power ;
Reign, the spirit of this place ;
Bless the purpose of this hour.

Holy and creative Light !
We invoke Thy kindling ray ;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.

To the anxious soul impart
Hope all other hopes above ;
Stir the dull and harden'd heart
With a longing and a love.

Give the struggling peace for strife,
Give the doubting light for gloom ;
Speed the living into life,
Warn the dying of their doom.

Work in all ; in all renew
Day by day the life divine ;
All our wills to Thee subdue,
All our hearts to Thee incline !

Francis H. Hedge.

CIX.

THE MYSTERY OF GOD.

NO human eyes Thy face may see ;
No human thought Thy form may know ;
But all creation dwells in Thee,
And Thy great life through all doth flow !

And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek Thy present aid may dare.

And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream,
To see and know the Eternal Mind,

Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve Thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by Thine.

So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And thought grow weak, and knowledge flee,
Yet faith shall teach us courage still,
And love shall guide us on to Thee.

P. W. Higginson.

CX.

“I WILL ARISE AND GO UNTO MY FATHER.”

TO Thine eternal arms, O God !
Take us, Thine erring children, in ;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be ;
O leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without Thee !

We trusted hope and pride and strength :
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain.
Our dreams have faded all at length,—
We come to Thee, O Lord ! again.

A guide to trembling steps yet be !
Give us of Thine eternal powers !
So shall our paths all lead to Thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

P. W. Higginson.

CXI.

THE JOY UNKNOWN IN HEAVEN.

TREMBLING before Thine awful Throne,
O Lord ! in dust my sins I own :
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend : oh, smile and heal the strife.

The Saviour smiles ! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll—
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—
The new-born peace of sin forgiven !
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels ! never dimm'd your sight.

Ye saw of old, on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies ;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of th' Eternal Will,
Abroad His errands ye fulfil ;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in His presence play.

Loud is the song—the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain—
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine :
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

Abraham Lucas Hillhouse.

CXII.

A MORNING HYMN.

LET there be light !” The Eternal spoke ;
And from the abyss where darkness rode,
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flow’d.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day, come blushing in ;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouch’d by sin.

“ Let there be light !” O’er heaven and earth,
The God who first the day-dawn pour’d,
Utter’d again His fiat forth,
And shed the Gospel’s light abroad ;
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall,
Inspiring their Redeemer’s praise
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the orient first
Flushes the signal light for prayer ;
Come with the earliest beams that burst
From God’s bright throne of glory there.
Come, kneel to Him who through the night
Hath watch’d above thy sleeping soul,
To Him whose mercies, like His light,
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

Charles F. Hoffman.

CXIII.

PRAYER DURING WAR.

FATHER of mercies, heavenly friend !
We seek Thy gracious throne ;
To Thee our faltering prayers ascend,
Our fainting hearts are known.

From blasts that chill, from suns that smite,
From every plague that harms ;
In camp and march, in siege and fight,
Protect our men at arms !

Though from our darken'd lives they take
What makes our life most dear,
We yield them for their country's sake,
With no relenting tear.

Our blood their flowing veins will shed,
Their wounds our breasts will share ;
Oh, save us from the woes we dread,
Oh, grant us strength to bear !

Let each unhallow'd cause that brings
The stern destroyer cease,
The flaming angel fold his wings,
And seraphs whisper Peace !

Thine are the sceptre and the sword,
Stretch forth Thy mighty hand :
Reign Thou, our kingless nation's Lord ;
Rule Thou our throneless land !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CXIV.

THE LORD OF LIFE.

L ORD of all being ! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life ! Thy wakening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope ! Thy soften'd light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow's arch Thy mercy's sign :
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love :
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CXV.

ARMY HYMN.

O LORD of Hosts ! Almighty King !
Behold the sacrifice we bring :
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy Spirit shed through every heart !

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warm'd our sires ;
Thy hand hath made our nation free ;
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillar'd flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe ;
And when the battle thunders loud
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all nations ! Sovereign Lord !
In Thy dread name we draw the sword ;
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

No more its flaming emblems wave
To bar from hope the trembling slave ;
No more its radiant glories shine
To blast with woe a child of Thine.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign :
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, Praise to Thee !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CXVI.

HYMN OF TRUST.

O LOVE divine, that stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear !
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

On Thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear !
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CXVII.

THE CITY OF GOD.

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime !
The true thy charter'd freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King Omnipotent !

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth !
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth !

How gleam thy watchfires through the night,
With never fainting ray !
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day !

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands ;
Unharm'd, upon the eternal rock,
The eternal city stands.

Samuel Johnson.

CXVIII.

FOR DIVINE STRENGTH.

FATHER, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling love ;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wander'd forth through doubt and sorrow.
And Thou hast made each step an onward one ;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides, and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair,—oh, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still !

Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love ;
Now make us strong, we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Samuel Johnson.

CXIX.

THE CONFLICT OF LIFE.

ONWARD, onward, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone ;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on !

Upward, upward ! Their Hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee, “ God is Love ! ”
All around thy red-cross banner
Streams the radiance from above.

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won ;
Tread it without shrinking, brother !
Jesus trod it,—press thou on !

By thy trustful, calm endeavour,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver ;
Oh, for their sake, press thou on !

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace ;
While it needs thee, oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release ;

Pray thou, undishearten'd, rather,
That thou be a faithful son ;
By the prayer of Jesus,—“ Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done ! ”

Samuel Johnson.

CXX.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

BEFORE the Lord we bow,
The God who reigns above,
And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love.
Our thanks we bring
In joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise
To heaven's high King.

The nation Thou hast blest
May well Thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by Thy care.
For this fair land,
For this bright day,
Our thanks we pay,—
Gifts of Thy hand.

May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in Thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen !

May every tongue
Be tuned to praise
And join'd to raise
A grateful song.

Earth ! hear thy Maker's voice,
Thy great Redeemer own ;
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship Him alone.
Cast down thy pride,
Thy sin deplore,
And bow before
The Crucified.

And when in power He comes,
Oh, may our native land,
From all its rending tombs,
Send forth a glorious band,
A countless throng,
Ever to sing
To heaven's high King
Salvation's song.

Francis S. Key.

CXXI.

“ALL THINGS ARE YOURS.”

(1 *Cor.* iii. 21.)

BEHOLD the grant the King of kings
Hath to His subjects given :
“All things are yours,” it saith ; all things
That are in earth and heaven.

The saints are yours, to guide you home,
And bless you with their prayers ;
The world is yours, to overcome
Its pleasures and its cares ;

And life is yours, to give it all
To works of faith and love ;
And death is yours, a welcome call
To higher joys above ;

All present things are yours : whate’er
God’s providence decreed,
Is from His treasures cull’d with care,
And sent to suit thy need ;

And things to come are yours ; and all
Shall ever order’d be,
To keep thee safe, whate’er befall,
And work for good to thee ;

And Christ is yours—His sacrifice,
To speak your sins forgiven ;
His righteousness the only price
That thou canst pay for heaven.

Thus God is yours — thus reconciled,
His love your bliss secures,
The Father looks upon the child,
And saith,—“ All things are yours.”

Francis S. Key.

CXXII.

L I F E.

I F life's pleasures cheer thee
Give them not thy heart,
Lest the gifts ensnare thee
From thy God to part :
His praises speak, His favour seek,
Fix there thy hopes' foundation ;
Love Him, and He shall ever be
The rock of thy salvation.

If sorrow e'er befall thee,
Painful though it be,
Let not fear appal thee ;
To thy Saviour flee :

He, ever near, thy prayer will hear,
 And calm thy perturbation ;
 The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow
 The rock of thy salvation.

Death shall never harm thee,
 Shrink not from his blow,
 For thy God shall arm thee,
 And victory bestow :
 For death shall bring to thee no sting,
 The grave no desolation ;
 'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,
 The Rock of thy salvation.

Francis S. Key.

CXXIII.

THE SACRIFICE OF PRAISE.

LORD, with glowing heart I'll praise Thee,
 For the bliss Thy love bestows ;
 For the pardoning grace that saves me,
 And the peace that from it flows :
 Help, O Lord, my weak endeavour,
 This dull soul to rapture raise :
 Thou must light the flame, or never
 Can my love be warm'd to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
 Wretched wanderer, far astray,
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
 From the paths of death away :

Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express :
Low before Thy footstep kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless :
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief pleasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise ;
And since words can never measure,
Let my love show forth Thy praise.

Francis S. Key.

CXXIV.

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

MY God ! my Father ! may I dare—
I, all debased, with sin defiled—
These awful, soothing names to join ;
Am I Thy creature and Thy child ?

Art Thou my Father ? then no more
My sins shall tempt me to despair ;
A father pities and forgives,
And hears a child's repentant prayer.

Art Thou my Father? let me strive
With all my powers to do Thy will,
To make Thy service all my care,
And all Thy kind commands fulfil.

Art Thou my Father? teach my heart
Compassion for another's woe,
And ever, to each child of Thine,
A brother's tenderness to show.

Art Thou my Father? then I know
When pain, or want, or griefs oppress,
They come but from a father's hand,
Which wounds to heal, afflicts to bless.

Art Thou my Father? then in doubt
And darkness when I grope my way,
Thy light shall shine upon my path,
And make my darkness like Thy day.

Art Thou my Father? then no more
Tremble, my soul, at death's alarms:
He comes a messenger of love,
To bear me to a Father's arms.

My God! my Father! I am vile,
Prone to forget Thee, weak and blind;
Be Thou my help, my strength, my trust,
Hope of my heart! light of my mind!

Francis S. Key.

CXXV.

EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

(Psalm ciii. 3.)

WHEN troubles, wave on wave, assail'd,
And fear my soul appall'd,
I knew the Lord would rescue me,
And for deliverance call'd.

Still onward, onward, came the flood ;
Again I sought the Lord,
And pray'd that He the waves would still
By His resistless word.

But still they rushing came ; again
Arose my earnest prayer,
And then I pray'd for faith and strength
Whate'er He will'd, to bear.

Then His felt presence was my strength,
His outstretch'd arm was nigh ;
My head He raised, my heart He cheer'd,
“ Fear not,” said He, “ 'tis I.”

Strong in that strength, I rose above
The tempest's fierce alarms ;
It drove me to a port of peace
Within a Saviour's arms.

Francis S. Key.

CXXVI.

LOOK ALOFT.

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eyes should grow dim, and thy caution depart.
“Look aloft!” and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity’s glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are
array’d,
“Look aloft!” to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine
eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,
“Look aloft!” to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom in sorrow depart,
“Look aloft!” from the darkness and dust of the tomb
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And oh! when death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, “look aloft!” and depart.

Jonathan Lawrence.

CXXVII.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials fill'd ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps between ;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where God may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time,
Broken stair-ways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

Henry W. Longfellow.

CXXVIII.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead past bury its dead !
Act—act in the living present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Henry W. Longfellow.

CXXIX.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair ? ” saith he,
“ Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kiss'd their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord has need of these flowrets gay,”

The reaper said, and smiled ;

“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,

Where He was once a child.

“ They all shall bloom in fields of light,

Transplanted by my care,

And saints, upon their garments white,

These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,

The flowers she most did love ;

She knew she should find them all again

In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,

The reaper came that day ;

’Twas an angel visited the green earth,

And took the flowers away.

Henry W. Longfellow.

CXXX.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watch’d and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !

There is no fireside, howsoe’er defended,

But has one vacant chair !

'The air is full of farewells of the dying,
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death ! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful, with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppress'd,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.

Henry W. Longfellow.

CXXXI.

EVENING WORSHIP.

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallow'd walls :
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace :
And, strengthen'd here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care !

O God, our light ! to Thee we bow ;
Within all shadows standest Thou ;
Give deeper calm than night can bring ;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain ;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell !

Samuel Longfellow.

CXXXII.

"A NEW COMMANDMENT."

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.

O bond of union, strong and deep !
O bond of perfect peace !
Not even the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Then Jesus, be Thy Spirit ours !
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

Samuel Longfellow.

CXXXIII.

LIFE'S MISSION.

GO forth to life, O child of earth !
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth ;
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control ;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth ;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God Himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth !
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !
For noble service thou art here ;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere !

Samuel Longfellow.

CXXXIV.

PRAYER FOR INSPIRATION.

HOLY Spirit, truth divine !
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;
Word of God, and inward light !
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, love divine !
Glow within this heart of mine ;
Kindle every high desire ;
Perish self in Thy pure fire !

Holy Spirit, power divine !
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, right divine !
King, within my conscience reign ;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

Holy Spirit, peace divine !
Still this restless heart of mine ;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stay'd in Thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, joy divine !
Gladden Thou this heart of mine ;
In the desert ways I sing
“ Spring, O well ! for ever spring.”

Samuel Longfellow.

CXXXV.

THE WORD.

I N the beginning was the Word :
Athwart the chaos-night
It gleam'd with quick creative power,
And there was life and light.

Thy Word, O God ! is living yet,
Amid earth's restless strife
New harmony creating still,
And ever higher life.

And, as that Word moves surely on,
The light, ray after ray,
Streams further out athwart the dark,
And night grows into day.

O Word that broke the stillness first,
Sound on ! and never cease,
'Till all earth's darkness be made light.
And all her discord peace !

Till—wail of woe, and clank of chain,
And bruit of battle still'd—
The world with Thy great music's pulse.
O Word of Love ! be thrill'd.

Till selfish passion, strife, and wrong
Thy summons shall have heard,
And Thy creation be complete,
O Thou Eternal Word !

Samuel Longfellow.

CXXXVI.

“FATHER, I HAVE SINNED.”

LOVE for all ! and can it be ?
Can I hope it is for me ?
I, who stray'd so long ago,
Stray'd so far, and fell so low !

I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild ;
I, who left my Father's home
In forbidden ways to roam !

I, who spurn'd His loving hold,
I, who would not be controll'd ;
I, who would not hear His call,
I, the wilful prodigal !

I, who wasted and mispent
Every talent He had lent ;
I, who sinn'd again, again,
Giving every passion rein !

To my Father can I go ?—
At His feet myself I'll throw,
In His house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

See, my Father waiting stands ;
 See, He reaches out His hands ;
 God is love ! I know, I see
 There is love for me—even me !

Samuel Longfellow.

CXXXVII.

VESPER HYMN.

NOW, on land and sea descending,
 Brings the night its peace profound ;
 Let our vesper hymn be blending
 With the holy calm around.
 Soon as dies the sunset glory,
 Stars of heaven shine out above,
 Telling still the ancient story,
 Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
 To His care, who cares for all,
 Cease we fearing, cease we grieving ;
 At His touch our burdens fall.
 As the darkness deepens o'er us,
 Lo, eternal stars arise ;
 Hope and faith and love rise glorious,
 Shining in the Spirit's skies.

Samuel Longfellow.

CXXXVIII.

“BEHOLD, THE FIELDS ARE WHITE.”

O STILL in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,—
“More reapers for white harvest fields,
More labourers for the Lord!”

We hear the call ; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father’s work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

Where prophets’ word, and martyrs’ blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labours entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

O Thou whose call our hearts has stirr’d !
To do Thy will we come ;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

Samuel Longfellow.

CXXXIX.

RELIGION IN YOUTH.

IF thou dost truly seek to live
With all the joys that life can give ;
If thy young feet would gladly press
The ways of peace and happiness ;

Go thou, with fresh and fervent love,
To Him who dwells in light above,
Who sees ten thousand suns obey,
Yet listens when the lowly pray.

Cling thou to Jesus faithfully,
As vines embrace their guardian tree :
Nor shame thy pure and lofty creed ;
Be His in thought, and word, and deed ;

And thou shalt breathe in this low world,
An eagle chain'd, with wings unfurl'd,
Prepared, when once thy bonds are riven,
To soar away, and flee to heaven.

James Gilborne Lyons.

CXL.

THE CHRISTIAN BANNER.

THE Christian banner ! Dread no loss
Where *that* broad ensign floats unroll'd,
But let the fair and sacred cross
Blaze out from every radiant fold :—
Stern foes arise, a countless throng,
Loud as the storms of Kara's sea,
But though the strife be fierce and long,
That cross shall wave in victory.

Sound the shrill trumpet, sound, and call
The people of the Mighty King,
And bid them keep that standard all
In martial thousands gathering ;—
Let them come forth from every clime,
That lies beneath the circling sun,
Various, as flowers in that sweet clime
When flowers are,—in heart but one.

Soldiers of heaven ! take sword and shield,
Look up to Him who rules on high,
And forward to the glorious field,
Where noble martyrs bleed and die ;—
Press onward, scorning flight or fear,
As deep waves burst on Norway's coast,
And let the startled nations hear
The war-shout of the Christian host.

Lift up the banner :—rest no more,
Nor let this righteous warfare cease,
Till man's last tribe shall bow before
The Lord of Lords—the Prince of Peace :—
Go ! bear it forth, ye strong and brave ;
Let not those bright folds once be furl'd,
Till that high sun shall see them wave
Above a blest but conquer'd world.

James Gilborne Lyons.

CXLI.

PATIENT CONTINUANCE IN WELL DOING.

BEAR the burden of the present—
Let the morrow bear its own :
If the morning sky be pleasant,
Why the coming night bemoan ?

If the darken'd heavens lower,
Wrap thy cloak around thy form ;
Though the tempest rise in power,
God is mightier than the storm.

Steadfast faith and hope unshaken
Animate the trusting breast ;
Step by step the journey's taken
Nearer to the land of rest.

All unseen, the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side ;
Comfortable words He talketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.

Grief nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart to Him unknown ;
He to-day and He to-morrow
Grace sufficient gives His own.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,—
Long endurance wins the crown ;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay the burden down.

Thomas Mackellan.

CXLII.

THE SOUL'S REFUGE.

DRAW nigh to the Holy,
Bend low at His throne ;
There, penitent, lowly,
Thy sinfulness own :
There, there if thou yearnest
For pardon and rest,
There, fervent and earnest,
Prefer thy request.

Confess thy backsliding,
Thy weakness and fears,
In Jesus confiding,
There pour out thy tears :
Think not He will scorn thee,
Though wretched thy case,
His hand will adorn thee
With garments of grace

More precious than treasure,
More vast than the sea,
His love has no measure,
No limit to thee :
His easy yoke wearing,
His pleasure abide ;
In all thy cross-bearing,
He'll walk by thy side.

Fear not the wild clangour
That Satan may raise,
To God's righteous anger
But pass from thy ways.
Whom Christ has forgiven
Goes safely along ;
Till in the high heaven
He sing the new song.

Then kneel to the Holy,
Bend low at His throne ;
There, penitent, lowly,
Thy sinfulness own ;

There, soul ! if thou yearnest
For pardon and rest,
There, fervent and earnest,
Prefer thy request.

Thomas Mackellan.

CXLIII.

JESUS FIRST AND LAST.

JESUS ! when my soul is parting
From this body frail and weak,
And the deathly dew is starting
Down this pale and wasted cheek,—
Thine, my Saviour,
Be the name I last shall speak.

Jesus ! when my memory wanders
Far from loved ones at my side,
And in fitful dreaming ponders
Who are they that near me glide,—
Last, my Saviour,
Let my thoughts on Thee abide.

When the morn in all its glory
Charms no more my ear nor eye,
And the shadows closing o'er me
Warn me of the time to die,—
Last, my Saviour,
Let me see Thee standing by.

When my feet shall pass the river,
And upon the farther shore
I shall walk, redeem'd for ever—
Ne'er to sin—to die no more,—
First, Lord Jesus!
Let me see Thee, and adore.

Thomas Mackellan.

CXLIV.

SUMMER.

THE earth, all light and loveliness.
In summer's golden hours,
Shines, in her bridal vesture clad,
And crown'd with festal flowers,
So radiantly beautiful,
So like to heaven above,
We scarce can deem more fair that world
Of perfect bliss and love.
Is this a shadow faint and dim
Of that which is to come?
What shall the unveil'd splendour be
Of our celestial home,
Where waves the glorious tree of life,
Where streams of bliss gush free,
And all is glowing in the light
Of immortality!

Sarah A. Miles.

CXLV.

IN AFFLICTION.

THOU, infinite in love !
Guide this bewilder'd mind,
Which, like the trembling dove,
No resting-place can find ;
On the wild waters, God of light,
Through the thick darkness, lead me right !

Fain would earth's true and dear
Save me in this dark hour ;
And art not Thou more near ?
Art Thou not love and power ?
Vain is the help of man ; but Thou
Canst send deliverance even now.

Though through the future's shade
Pale phantoms I descry,
Let me not shrink dismay'd,
But ever feel Thee nigh ;
There may be grief, and pain, and care ;
But, O my Father ! Thou art there.

Sarah A. Miles.

CXLVI.

OUR FELLOW SUFFERER.

THOU who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality ;
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast pass'd from earth, pass'd to Thy home on high !

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father ! Thou didst tread :
And shall we in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

O Thou who art our life !
Be with us through the strife ;
Thine own meek head by rudest storms was bow'd :
Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

E'en through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be ;

Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour ! which doth lead to thee.

Sarah A. Miles.

CXLVII.

FORETASTE OF HEAVEN.

WHEN, on devotion's seraph wing,
The spirit soars above,
And feels Thy presence, Father, Friend,
God of eternal love !
The joys of earth, how swift they fade
Before that living ray,
Which gives to the rapt soul a glimpse
Of pure and perfect day !

A gleam of Heaven's own light, though now
Its brightness scarce appears
Through the pale shadows that are spread
Around our earthly years ;
But Thine unclouded smile, O God !
Fills that all-glorious place,
Where we shall know as we are known,
And see Thee face to face.

Sarah A. Miles.

CXLVIII.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS book is all that's left me now !
Tears will unbidden start,—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree ;
My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd ;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah ! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill !
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still !

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear ;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's word to hear !
Her angel face—I see it yet !
What thronging memories come !
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home !

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried ;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy :
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

George P. Morris.

CXLIX.

I'LL WORSHIP THE LORD.

I 'LL worship the Lord in His house ;
I'll haste with the church-going throng,
At His altar to offer my vows,
And join in the festival song.

I'll worship the Lord with the few
Sojourners who meet by the way ;
To muse of the Canaan in view,
And for strength of their pilgrimage pray.

I'll worship the Lord in the ring,
Where brothers and sisters unite ;
Every morning His goodness to sing,
His mercy and truth every night.

But, oh ! there's a temple besides—
 A temple the world ne'er hath known—
 Where ministering silence presides,
 And the heart is the altar alone.

To the High-priest Himself I'll draw near,
 To His own mercy-seat in the heaven,
 Where the voice of His love meets mine ear,—
 "Go in peace—thy sins are forgiven."

William H. Muhlenburg.

CL.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

(Job vii. 16.)

I WOULD not live alway—live alway below !
 Oh, no ; I'll not linger when bidden to go :
 The days of our pilgrimage granted us here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
 Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of
 God,
 Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod !
 Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam,
 While brethren and friends are all hastening home !

I would not live alway ; I ask not to stay,
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
 Where, seeking for rest, we but hover around,
 Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found :

Where hope, when she paints her gay bird in the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair ;
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway : thus fetter'd by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within ;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory is mine, ere I'm captive again ;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears ;
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb ;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom ;
Where He deign'd to sleep, I'll, too, bow my head,
All peaceful to slumber on that hallow'd bed ;
Then the glorious daybreak, to follow that night,
The orient gleam of the angels of light,
With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise,
And chant forth their matins away to the skies.

Who, who would live alway !—away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul ?

That heavenly music ! Hark, sweet in the air,
The “ harps of the harpers ” I hear ringing there !
And see soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all array’d in His beauty behold !
Oh, give me, oh, give me, the wings of a dove,
To adore Him, be near Him, enrapt with His love :
I but wait for the summons, I list for the word,—
Alleluia ! Amen ! Evermore with the Lord !

William H. Muhlenburg.

CLI.

(GENESIS VIII. 9.)

L IKE Noah’s weary dove
That soar’d the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found,

Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

Behold the ark of God ;
Behold the open door ;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

There safe thou shalt abide ;
There sweet shall be thy rest ;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

William H. Muhlenburg.

CLII.

INFANT BAPTISM.

SAVIOUR ! who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share ;

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;
There we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey ;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

William H. Muhlenburg.

CLIII.

EARTH IS CONTRASTED WITH HEAVEN.

SINCE o'er Thy footstool here below
Such radiant gems are strown,
Oh, what magnificence must glow,
My God, about Thy throne !
So brilliant here these drops of light—
There the full ocean rolls, how bright !

If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil,
What splendours at the shrine must dwell !

The dazzling sun, at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord, one beam of Thine—
What, then, the day where Thou dost shine !

Ah ! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays ?
Or, how my spirit, so impure,
Upon Thy brightness gaze !
Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.

William H. Muhlenburg.

CLIV.

“I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.”

(*Matt.* xxviii. 20.)

ALWAYS with me ! always with me !
Words of cheer and words of love,
Thus the risen Saviour whispers
From His dwelling-place above.

With me when with sin I struggle,
Giving strength and courage too,
Bidding me to falter never,
But to Him be ever true.

With me in the hour of sorrow,
When my heart is press'd with grief,
Pointing to a brighter morrow
And imparting sweet relief.

With me when the storm is sweeping
O'er my pathway dark and drear,
Waking hope within my bosom,
Stilling every anxious fear.

With me when I toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none,
Telling me that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

With me in the lonely valley
 When I cross the chilling stream,
 Lighting up the steps to glory
 Like the ancient prophet's dream.

Always with me ! always with me !
 Pilot on the surging main,
 Guiding to the distant haven
 Where I shall be home again.

Edwin H. Nevin.

CLV.

COME UP HITHER.

(*Rev. iv. 1.*)

COME up hither ! come away !"
 Thus the ransom'd spirits sing ;
 Here is cloudless, endless day ;
 Here is everlasting spring.

Come up hither ! come and see
 Heaven's glories yet untold ;
 Brighter than the sun they be,
 Richer than the purest gold.

Come up hither ! come and dwell
 With the living hosts above ;
 Come, and let your bosoms swell
 With their burning songs of love.

Come up hither ! come and share
All the sacred joys that rise,
Like an ocean, everywhere
Through the myriads of the skies.

Come up hither ! come and shine
In the robes of spotless white ;
Palms and harps, and crowns are thine ;
Hither ! hither wing your flight.

Come up hither ! hither speed :
Rest is found in heaven alone ;
Here is all the wealth you need ;
Come, and make this wealth your own.

Edwin H. Nevin.

CLVI.

I LONG TO BE THERE !

I HAVE read of a world of beauty,
Where there is no gloomy night,
Where love is the mainspring of duty,
And God the fountain of light,
And I long to be there !

I have read of its flowing river
That bursts from beneath the throne,
And the beautiful trees that ever
Are found on its banks alone,
And I long to be there !

I have read of the myriad choir,
Of the angels harping there,
Of their holy love that burns like fire,
And the shining robes they wear,
And I long to be there !

I have read of the sanctified throng
That pass'd from the earth to heaven,
And there unite in the loudest song
Of praise for their sins forgiven,
And I long to be there !

I have read of their freedom from sin,
And suffering and sorrow too,
And the holy joy they feel within
As their risen Lord they view,
And I long to be there !

I long to rise to that world of light,
And to breathe its balmy air,
I long to walk with the Lamb in white,
And shout with the angels there ;
Oh ! I long to be there !

Edwin H. Nevin.

CLVII.

MOUNT UP!

“ They shall mount up with wings as eagles.”—*Isaiah* xl. 31.

MOUNT up on high ! as if on eagles' wings,
Catch inspiration from the arching skies ;
The soul with more seraphic music sings,
As nearer to her bright'ning home she flies.

Mount up on high ! earth's cares and follies spread
A chilling darkness o'er the life within ;
When mounting up, a light on us is shed,
That scatters care, and breaks the power of sin.

Mount up on high ! the floating clouds that cast
Their deep'ning shadows o'er our chequer'd way
Are but a misty veil, and quickly past,
While just beyond is everlasting day.

Mount up on high ! there countless treasures glow—
The rich inheritance of all the sons of God ;
Bright scenes of glory, never known below,
And there in matchless lustre spread abroad.

Mount up on high ! the loved ones gone before
Are there array'd in robes of spotless white,
And, standing on the distant, golden shore,
Bid us ascend and view their homes of light.

Mount up on high ! for thus our spirits gain
A fitness for the world toward which they tend ;
Would we true likeness to the King obtain,
Our thoughts must often to the King ascend.

Edwin H. Nevin.

CLVIII.

HEAVEN ! SWEET HEAVEN !

O HEAVEN ! sweet Heaven ! the home of the
blest,

Where hearts once in trouble are ever at rest,
Where eyes that could see not, rejoice in the light,
And beggars made princes are walking in white.

O Heaven ! sweet Heaven ! the mansion of love,
Where Christ in His beauty shines forth from above,
The Lamb with His sceptre, to charm and control,
And love is the sea that encircles the whole.

O Heaven ! sweet Heaven ! where purity reigns,
Where error disturbs not, and sin never stains,
Where holiness robes in its garments so fair,
The great multitude that is worshipping there.

O Heaven ! sweet Heaven ! where music ne'er dies,
But rich pealing anthems of glory arise,
Where saints with one feeling of rapture are stirr'd,
And loud hallelujahs for ever are heard.

O Heaven ! sweet Heaven ! where friends never part,
But cords of true friendship bind firmly the heart,
Where farewell shall never more fall on the ear,
Nor eyes that have sorrow'd be dimm'd with a tear.

Edwin H. Nevin.

CLIX.

“GOD IS MY SALVATION ; I WILL TRUST.”

(Isaiah xii. 2.)

S AVIOUR ! happy should I be,
If I could but trust in Thee ;
Trust Thy wisdom me to guide ;
Trust Thy goodness to provide ;
Trust Thy saving love and power ;
Trust Thee every day and hour ;

Trust Thee as the only light
In the darkest hour of night ;
Trust in sickness, trust in health ;
Trust in poverty and wealth ;
Trust in joy and trust in grief ;
Trust Thy promise for relief ;

Trust Thy blood to cleanse my soul ;
Trust Thy grace to make me whole ;

Trust Thee, living, dying too ;
Trust Thee all my journey through ;
Trust Thee till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

Edwin H. Nevin.

CLX.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

ANOTHER year ! another year !
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on ;
Whelm'd in its surges, disappear
Man's hopes and fears, for ever gone !

Oh, no ! forbear that idle tale !
The hour demands another strain,
Demands high thoughts that cannot quail,
And strength to conquer and retain.

'Tis midnight—from the dark-blue sky
The stars, which now look down on earth,
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,
And given to countless changes birth.

And when the pyramids shall fall,
And, mouldering, mix as dust in air,
The dwellers on this alter'd ball
May still behold them glorious there.

Shine on ! shine on ! with you I tread
The march of ages, orbs of light !
A last eclipse o'er you may spread,
To me, to me, there comes no night.

Oh ! what concerns it him, whose way
Lies upward to th' immortal dead,
That a few hairs are turning gray,
Or one more year of life has fled !

Swift years ! but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
And speed your courses as ye will.

When life's meridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich the twilight glow ;
The morning twilight of a sun
Which shines not here on things below.

Press onward through each varying hour ;
Let no weak fears thy course delay ;
Immortal being ! feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

Andrews Norton.

CLXI.

FORTITUDE.

F AINT not, poor traveller, though thy way
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod ;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suffering leads to God.

Nay, sink not ; though from every limb
Are starting drops of toil and pain ;
Thou dost but share the lot of Him
With whom His followers are to reign.

Thy friends are gone, and thou, alone,
Must bear the sorrows that assail ;
Look upward to th' eternal throne,
And know a Friend who cannot fail.

Bear firmly ; yet a few more days,
And thy hard trial will be past ;
Then, wrapt in glory's opening blaze,
Thy feet will rest in heaven at last.

Christian ! Thy Friend, thy Master pray'd
When dread and anguish shook His frame,
Then met His sufferings undismay'd !
Wilt thou not strive to do the same ?

Oh ! think'st thou that His Father's love
Shone round Him then with fainter rays
Than now, when, throned all height above,
Unceasing voices hymn His praise !

Go, sufferer ! calmly meet the woes
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear ;
Then, rising as thy Saviour rose,
Go ! His eternal victory share.

Andrews Norton.

CLXII.

CHASTENING LOVE.

MY God, I thank Thee ! may no thought
E'er deem Thy chastisements severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish and idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
Thy sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine *equal* mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore Thy will !

Andrews Norton.

CLXIII.

TRUST IN GOD.

ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig-tree droop and die,
No oil the olive yield ;
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to His rod,
And by His grace be heal'd.

Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam ;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy ; for, though His frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.

Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall ;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies ;
There God is all in all.

In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in His love :
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind He makes, and flect,
To speed my course above.

Henry U. Onderdonk.

CLXIV.

“THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE SAY, COME.”

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, sinner, Come :
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, Come.

Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come :
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come :
Lord, even so ; I wait Thy hour :
Jesus, my Saviour, come !

Henry U. Onderdonk.

CLXV.

HEAVEN.

AND is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls design'd,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find ?

Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live and love, and never roam
From that serene retreat ?

Are there bright happy fields,
Where nought that blooms shall die ;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
And healthful breezes sigh ?

Are there celestial streams
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel-dreams
And flowery banks beside ?

For ever blessed they
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land !

My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given ;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven !

Ray Palmer.

CLXVI.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

A WAY from earth my spirit turns,
Away from every transient good :
With strong desire my bosom burns,
To feast on heaven's diviner food.

Thou, Saviour, art the living bread ;
Thou wilt my every want supply ;
By Thee sustain'd, and cheer'd, and led,
I'll press through dangers to the sky.

What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails, and breaks my peace ;
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.

Then let me take Thy gracious hand,
And walk beside Thee onward still ;
Till my glad feet shall safely stand
For ever firm on Zion's hill.

Ray Palmer.

CLXVII.

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

C OME, Holy Ghost, in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray !
Divinely good Thou art ;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart :
Oh, come to-day !

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power :
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour !

Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill ;
Dwell in each breast :

We know no dawn but Thine ;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest !

Exalt our low desires ;
Extinguish passion's fires ;
Heal every wound :
Our stubborn spirits bend ;
Our icy coldness end ;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

Come, all the faithful bless ;
Let all, who Christ profess,
His praise employ ;
Give virtue's rich reward ;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy !

Ray Palmer.

CLXVIII.

CHRIST LOVED UNSEEN.

(1 *Pet.* i. 8.)

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine !
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me ;
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravish'd soul.

Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone ;
I love Thee, dearest Lord ! and will,
Unseen, but not Unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

Ray Palmer.

CLXIX.

DELIGHT IN CHRIST.

JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfill'd to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good ;
To them that find Thee, all in all.

We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay ;
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away ;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Ray Palmer.

CLXX.

HOW UNSEARCHABLE ARE THY JUDGMENTS !

L ORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound ;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's outmost bound.

But weaker yet that thought must prove,
To search Thy great eternal plan,—
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest ;
That so it seemeth good to Thee.

Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will :
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

Ray Palmer.

CLXXI.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !

Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine !

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire !
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire !

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide.
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour ! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransom'd soul !

Ray Palmer.

CLXXII.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

O BREAD to pilgrims given,
Richer than angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet !
Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly fill'd ;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is still'd !

O Fountain, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A Fountain purely flowing,
A Fount of Love Thou art !
Oh, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage !
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore ;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take and doubt no more :
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee,
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

Ray Palmer.

CLXXIII.

THE COMFORTER.

“ I will send Him unto you.”—*St. John* xvi. 7.

O HOLY Comforter,
I hear
Thy blessed name with throbbing heart,
Press'd oft with sorrow, sin and fear,
And pierced with many a venom'd dart ;
Come, Messenger divine,
Come, cheer this heart of mine.

O Holy Comforter,
I know
Thou art not to dull sense reveal'd,
Thou com'st unseen as the sweet flow
Of the soft wind that woos the field ;
Breathe, Messenger divine,
Breathe on this soul of mine.

O Holy Comforter,
Thy light
Is light eternal and serene ;
Shine Thou, and on my ravish'd sight
Visions shall break of things unseen ;
Come, Messenger divine,
Make these bright glimpses mine.

O Holy Comforter,
Thy love
O'erfloweth as the flooding sea ;
Give me its tenderness to prove,
Then shall my heart o'erflow to Thee ;
Come, Messenger divine,
Fill Thou this breast of mine.

O Holy Comforter,
Thy grace
Is life and health and hope and power ;
By this I can each cross embrace,
Can triumph in the darkest hour ;
Come, Messenger divine,
The strength of grace be mine.

O Holy Comforter,
Thy peace,
The peace of God, impart and keep
Unruffled till life's tumults cease,
And all its angry tempests sleep ;
Come, Messenger divine,
Thy perfect peace be mine.

Ray Palmer.

CLXXIV.

JOY OF CONSECRATION TO CHRIST.

OH, sweetly breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel-lips can sing.

And sweet on earth the choral swell,
From mortal tongues of gladsome lays,
When pardon'd souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

Jesus, Thy name our souls adore ;
We own the bond that makes us Thine ;
And carnal joys that charm'd before
For Thy dear sake we now resign.

Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept Thine offer'd grace to-day ;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedew'd,
We bow and give ourselves away.

In Thee we trust—on Thee rely ;
Though we are feeble, Thou art strong ;
Oh, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright, immortal throng !

Ray Palmer.

CLXXV.

IN THY LIGHT SHALL WE SEE LIGHT.

STEALING from the world away,
We are come to seek Thy face :
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us Thy reviving grace.

Yonder stars that gild the sky,
Shine but with a borrow'd light—
We, unless Thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

Sun of righteousness ! dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears ;
May Thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above ;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with Thy perfect love.

Ray Palmer.

CLXXVI.

SABBATH MORNING.

THINE holy day's returning
Our hearts exult to see,
And, with devotion burning,
Ascend, our God, to Thee.

To-day, with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw ;
We search for sacred treasure,
We learn Thy holy law.

We join to sing Thy praises,
God of the sabbath day !
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay.

Thy richest mercies sharing,
O fill us with Thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

Ray Palmer.

CLXXVII.

INFANT BAPTISM.

WE praise Thee, Saviour, for the grace
That bids us with our infants come ;
That gives them in Thy heart a place,
And in Thy kingdom grants them room.

We bring them to Thine altar, Lord,
And here the holy seal apply ;
O make them clean,—their names record
In Thine own Book of Life on high.

When storms shall beat, or gathering foes
Beset the path their feet must tread,
Dear Shepherd ! let Thine arms enclose,
Or o'er them for defence be spread.

If Thou hast mark'd them for the tomb,
Ere morning brightens into day,
As in Thy bosom bear them home,
And gently wipe our tears away.

Or if, when gather'd to Thy rest,
'Tis ours to leave them pilgrims still,
Guide Thou their steps till with us blest,
They reach Thine everlasting hill.

Ray Palmer.

CLXXVIII.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

BEHOLD the western evening light,
It melts in deepening gloom ;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low ; the quivering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree ;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The purple light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering crowd
The sunset beam is cast !
'Tis like the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears ;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are seal'd in death
Shall wake to close no more.

William B. O. Peabody.

CLXXIX.

HYMN OF NATURE.

GOD of the earth's extended plains !
The dark, green fields contented lie :
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky ;
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams.
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep !
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summon'd up their thund'ring bands ;
Then the white sails are dash'd like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calm'd by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace !

God of the forest's solemn shade !
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to Thee ;
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form.
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air !

Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow ;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry,
Breathe forth the language of Thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !

How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings !
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to Thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !

Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light :
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at Thy burning throne.

God of the world ! the hour must come,

And nature's self to dust return ;
Her crumbling altars must decay ;
Her incense fires shall cease to burn ;

But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's fervent praises flow ;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
Thy glories in the world below.

William B. O. Peabody.

CLXXX.

MOONRISE.

THE moon is up ! how calm and slow
She wheels above the hill !
The weary winds forget to blow,
And all the world lies still.

The way-worn travellers, with delight,
The rising brightness see,
Revealing all the paths and plains,
And gilding every tree.

It glistens where the hurrying stream
Its little ripple leaves ;
It falls upon the forest shade,
And sparkles on the leaves.

So once, on Judah's evening hills,
The heavenly lustre spread !
The Gospel sounded from the blaze,
And shepherds gazed with dread.

And still that light upon the world
 Its guiding splendour throws :
 Bright in the opening hours of life,
 But brighter at the close.

The waning moon, in time, shall fail
 To walk the midnight skies ;
 But God hath kindled this bright light
 With fire that never dies.

William B. O. Peabody.

CLXXXI.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

BREAK ye the bread, and pour the wine,
 As ye have seen your Master do ;
 This body and this blood of Mine
 Is broken thus and shed for you."

Yes, mighty God ! while life remains,
 We will remember Him who bled ;
 Whom Death, in his cold, palsyng chains,
 A captive and a victim led.

We will remember Him, by whom
 Those strong and icy chains were riven ;
 Who scatter'd round His opening tomb
 Their broken links,—and rose to heaven.

And, while with gratitude we dwell
On all His tears of love and woe,
Let death's chill tide before us swell !
Let its still waters darkly flow !

We'll give our bodies to the stream ;
'Twill bear us—(for the dead shall rise,
Or faith is vain, and hope a dream.)
To fairer shores and brighter skies.

John Pierpont.

CLXXXII.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead !
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair ;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes,—he is not there !

I walk my parlour floor,
And through the open door
I hear a foot-fall on the chamber stair ;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call ;
And then bethink me that—he is not there.

I thread the crowded street ;
A satchell'd lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colour'd hair,
And as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there !

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid ;
Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead fair ;
My hand that marble felt ;
O'er it in prayer I knelt ;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there !

I cannot *make* him dead !
When passing by the bed,
So long watch'd over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there !

When, at the cool, grey break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up with joy
To Him who gave my boy ;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there !

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,

I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
 Whate'er I may be *saying*,
 I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there !

Not there !—Where, then, is he ?
 The form I used to see
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear ;
 The grave, that now doth press
 Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe lock'd ;—*he* is not there !

He lives !—In all the past
 He lives ; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair ;
 In dreams I see him now ;
 And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, “ Thou shalt see me *there* ! ”

Yes, we all live to God !
 Father, Thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
 That, in the spirit-land,
 Meeting at Thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is *there* !

John Pierpont.

CLXXXIII.

LICENSED TO DO WHAT?

LICENSED—to make the strong man weak,
Licensed—to lay the wise man low,
Licensed—a wife's fond heart to break,
And make her children's tears to flow.

Licensed—to do thy neighbour harm,
Licensed—to kindle hate and strife,
Licensed—to nerve the robber's arm,
Licensed—to whet the murderer's knife.

Licensed—thy neighbour's purse to drain,
And on his soul a shadow cast;
Licensed—to heat his feverish brain,
Till madness crown thy work at last.

Licensed—like spider for a fly,
To spread thy nets for man, thy prey;
To mock his struggles, suck him dry,
Then cast the worthless hulk away.

Licensed—where peace and quiet dwell,
To bring disease, and want, and woe;
Licensed—to make this world a hell,
And FIT man for a hell below.

John Pierpont.

CLXXXIV.

REFINING FIRES.

“Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.”—*Isaiah* xlviii. 10.

NOT with silver, not with gold,
Every gift of every mine,
Multiplied a thousand fold,
Doth our God the soul refine.

Not from broad and fertile fields,
Nor from any form of wealth,
That earth's face or bosom yields,
Comes “the soul's eternal health.”

But “true riches” come from toil,
Of the muscles or the mind;
And, by culture of the soil,
Or the soul, is man refined.

With the chastening power of pain,
Tossing on a sleepless bed,
Cares, that gnaw upon the brain,
Bleeding heart and throbbing head;—

With our sorrows for the past,
With our fears of coming ill,
That their forward shadows cast
On our pathway, dark and chill;—

With the discipline of tears,
Over loved and lost ones shed,
With our loves of former years,
Dying out or wholly dead ;—

With the depths of voiceless woe,
That have whelm'd our hearts so much,
Hopes that wither'd long ago,
Under disappointment's touch ;—

With the agonizing pang,
Felt from folly's Parthian dart,
With remorse's viperous fang,
Struck into the guilty heart ;—

With our fruitless efforts, made
To attain some shining goal,
Labours lost, and trust betray'd,
Doth our God refine the soul.

John Pierpont.

CLXXXV.

HYMN FOR COMMUNION.

O 'ER Kedron's stream, and Salem's height,
And Olivet's brown steep,
Rolls the majestic queen of night,
And showers from heaven her silver light,
And sees the world asleep.

All but the children of distress,
Of sorrow, grief, and care ;
Whom sleep, though pray'd for, will not bless ;
These leave the couch of restlessness,
To breathe the cool, calm air.

For those who shun the glare of day
There's a composing power,
That meets them on their lonely way,
In the still air,—the sober ray
Of this religious hour.

'Tis a religious hour ; for He,
Who many a grief shall bear,
In His own body on the tree,
Is kneeling in Gethsemanè,
In agony and prayer.

Oh, holy Father! when the light
Of earthly joy grows dim,
May hope in Christ grow strong and bright,
In all who celebrate this rite,
In memory of Him.

John Pierpont.

CLXXXVI.

DEDICATION HYMN.

O THOU, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue;

Not now on Zion's height, alone,
Thy favour'd worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
The incense of the heart—may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

In this Thy house, whose doors we now
For social worship first unfold,
To Thee the suppliant throng shall bow,
While circling years on years are roll'd.

To Thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty, bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O Thou, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
To Thee, at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung !

John Pierpont.

CLXXXVII.

ORDINATION HYMN.

Written for the ordination of the Rev. Wm. Ware as pastor of the first Congregational Church, New York, December 18, 1821.

O THOU who art above all height !
Our God, our Father, and our Friend ;
Beneath Thy throne of love and light,
We, Thine adoring children, bend.

We kneel in praise,—that here is set
A vine, that by Thy culture grew ;
We kneel in prayer,—that Thou wouldst wet
Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.

Since thy young servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,
To the great cause of truth and heaven ;
Be Thou his guide, O God of truth !

Here may his doctrine drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
Ripe for the harvest, waits Thy will.

And when he sinks in death,—by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years oppress'd,—
O God! remember then our prayer,
And take his spirit to Thy rest.

John Pierpont.

CLXXXVIII.

THE SOUL'S ASPIRATIONS.

“ I rise to seek the light.”

I SAW a little blade of grass,
Just peeping from the sod,
And ask'd it, why it sought to pass
Beyond its parent clod?
It seem'd to raise its timid head,
All sparkling, fresh, and bright,
And wondering at the question, said,—
“ I rise to seek the light.”

I ask'd the eagle, why his wing
To ceaseless flight was given,
As if he scorn'd each earthly thing,
And knew no home but heaven?

He answer'd, as he fix'd his gaze,
Undazzled at the sight,
Upon the sun's meridian blaze,—
“ I rise to seek the light.”

I ask'd the planets, why they kept
Still on their circling ways,
Nor, tempted by ambition, swept
Far into boundless space ?
They answer'd,—“ 'Tis yon glowing urn,
Restrains us in our flight ;
In all our wanderings we turn
To drink His floods of light.

I ask'd my soul, What means this thirst
For something yet beyond ;
What means this eagerness to burst
From every earthly bond ?
It answers,—and I feel it glow
With fires more warm, more bright,—
“ All is too dull, too dark below,
I rise to seek the light.”

Louis S. D. Rees.

CLXXXIX.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains :
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The day-spring from on high ;
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

“ Glory to God ! ”—the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills :
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills !
“ Glory to God ! ”—the sounding skies
Loud with the anthems ring ;
“ Peace to the earth—good will to men,
From heaven's Eternal King ! ”

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
 The Saviour now is born ;
 More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
 Breaks the first Christmas morn,
 And brighter on Moriah's brow,
 Crown'd with her temple-spires ;
 Which first proclaim the new-born light,
 Clothed with its orient fires.

This day shall Christian tongues be mute.
 And Christian hearts be cold ?
 Oh, catch the anthem that from heaven
 O'er Judah's mountains roll'd,
 When nightly burst from seraph-harps
 The high and solemn lay—
 “ Glory to God !—on earth be peace—
 Salvation comes to-day.”

Edmund H. Sears.

CXC.

“ FEED MY LAMBS.”

H O ! ye that rest beneath the rock,
 On pastures greenly growing,
 Or roam at will, a favour'd flock,
 By waters gently flowing ;

Hear ye upon the desert air
A voice of woe come crying,
Where, cold upon the barren moor,
God's little lambs are dying !

See the great Shepherd bend and call
From fields of light and glory,
“ Go, feed My lambs, and bring them all
From moor and mountain hoary ! ”
Ye favour'd flock, the call obey,
And from the desert dreary
Lead those who faint along the way,
Or wander, lost and weary.

Edmund H. Sears.

CXCI.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold.
“ Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From Heaven's all-gracious King : ”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
 With peaceful wings unfurl'd ;
And still their heavenly music floats
 O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
 The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
 The world has suffer'd long ;
Beneath the angel-strain have roll'd
 Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man at war with man hears not
 The love-song which they bring ;
Oh ! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
 And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
 Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps and slow ;
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing :
Oh ! rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
 By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years,
 Comes round the age of gold :

When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears.

CXCH.

“THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”

(Luke xxii. 19.)

COME, listening spirit, come !
Good angels guide thy way,
A Saviour bids thee to His feast,
The gracious call obey.

No more the cold gray stone
His sepulchre doth seal,
'Tis roll'd away,—and He is risen,—
He stoops our wounds to heal.

Come, waiting spirit, come !
His hallow'd board is spread,
'Turn from the false delights of earth,
And take the living bread,

And in its strength divine,
Pass on thy pilgrim way,
Make Him thy pole-star through the night,
Thy sunbeam all the day,

Guarding with faithful heart
 The promise of His love,
 That those who share His feast below,
 Shall be His guests above.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

CXCIII.

“YE THAT FEAR THE LORD, HOPE FOR GOOD.”

(Ecclesiasticus ii. 9.)

DO the clouds around thee gather,
 Making dark thy solitude?
 Each one hath an inward shining,
 Each one hath a silver lining,
 Hope for good!

Hath thy trusted friend deceived thee,
 Who in sunshine near thee stood?
 Christ hath borne that woe before thee,
 Let His patient love restore thee,
 Hope for good!

Doth the child thy bosom nourish'd
 Leave thee to misfortune's flood?
 All unpitying see thee languish?
 Still, amid that keenest anguish,
 Hope for good!

Should all cherish'd props forsake thee,
While earth's tempests threaten rude,
Heir of an immortal nature,
Looking to the true Creator,
Hope for good !

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

CXCIV.

GOING HOME.

Suggested by the Words of a dying Friend—"Before morning
I shall be at Home."

HOME ! Home ! its glorious threshold,
Through parting clouds I see,
Those mansions by a Saviour bought,
Where I have long'd to be.
And, lo ! a bright unnumber'd host
O'erspread the heavenly plain,
Not one is silent—every harp
Doth swell th' adoring strain.

Fain would my soul be praising
Amid that sinless throng,
Fain would my voice be raising
Its everlasting song.

Hark ! hark ! they bid me hasten
To leave the fainting clay,
Friends ! hear ye not the welcome sound
“ Arise, and come away ? ”

Before the dawn of morning
These dark skies shall grow bright,
I shall have join'd their company
Above this realm of night.
Give thanks, ye weeping loved ones,
Thanks to th' Eternal King,
Who crowns my soul with victory,
And plucks from Death his sting.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

CXCv.

EVENING HYMN.

(*Psalm xcii. 2.*)

✓
LORD, the shades of night surround us,
Homeward come Thy wandering sheep,
Throw Thy sheltering arm around us,
Safe from every danger keep,
Poor and needy,
Oh, protect us while we sleep.

Praise we bring for every blessing,
O'er us, like the dew-drops shed,
May we, Thy rich grace possessing,
Rest in peace the weary head,
Holy Angels !
Fold your pinions round our bed.

When this day of life is ended,
When its hopes and fears are o'er,
By a Saviour's love befriended,
Guide us to the heavenly shore,
Oh, receive us,
Where the light shall fade no more.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

CXCVI.

“GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD, AND PREACH
THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.”

(*Mark* xvi. 15.)

ONWARD ! onward ! men of heaven,
Rear the Gospel's banner high ;
Rest not till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky ;
Bear it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints 'neath Asia's vertic ray ;
Bid the red-brow'd forest ranger
Hail it ere he fleets away.

Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
 Where the tropics fiercely glow,
 Broadly spread its page of wonders,
 Brightly bid its radiance flow.
 India marks its lustre stealing,
 Shivering Greenland loves its rays,
 Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
 Lifts the mingled strain of praise.

Rude in speech or grim in feature,
 Dark in spirit though they be,
 Show that light to every creature,
 Prince or vassal, bond or free ;
 Lo ! they haste to every nation,
 Host on host the ranks supply,
 Onward ! Christ is our salvation,
 And your death is victory !

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

CXCVII.

FAITH.

PRAYER is the dew of faith,
 Its rain-drop, night and day,
 That guards its vital power from death
 When cherish'd hopes decay,
 And keeps it 'mid this changeful scene
 A bright, perennial evergreen.

Good works, of faith the fruit,
 Should ripen year by year,
 Of health and soundness at the root
 An evidence sincere ;
 Dear Saviour ! grant Thy blessing free,
 And make our faith no barren tree.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

CXCVIII.

“PRAISE WAITETH FOR THEE, O GOD,
 IN ZION.”

(*Psalm lxxv. 1.*)

THANKS for the Sabbath's holy ray !
 Which like a chain of gold doth bind
 More closely to the angel-train,
 Each lowly and obedient mind,
 While in their Father's house they meet,
 Their prayers and praises to repeat.

Thanks for the Gospel's blessed voice !
 That lamp from sin and woe to save,
 Which guides us through the maze of life,
 And bids the darkness of the grave
 Glow with a light that cannot die,
 The rainbow of eternity.

Thanks for our lengthen'd span of time,
 While many a younger one hath fled,
 Like rose-bud, fading ere its prime ;
 O Thou ! who from the voiceless dead
 Repriev'st us still, accept our praise,
 And write Thy wisdom on our days.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

CXCIX.

THE PIOUS DEAD.

THEY dread no storm that lowers,
 No perish'd joys bewail ;
 They pluck no thorn-clad flowers,
 Nor drink of streams that fail :
 There is no tear-drop in their eye,
 Nor change upon their brow ;
 The placid bosom heaves no sigh,
 Though all earth's idols bow.

Who are so greatly blest ?
 From whom hath sorrow fled ?
 Who find such deep unbroken rest
 While all things toil ?—the dead :
 The pious dead ! Why weep ye so
 Above their sable bier ?
 Thrice blessèd, they have done with woe :
 The living claim the tear.

We dream, but they awake ;
Dark visions mar our rest ;
'Mid thorns and snares our way we take,
And yet we mourn the blest !
For those who throng the eternal throne,
Lost are the tears we shed :
They are the living, they alone,
Whom thus we call the dead.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

cc.

“ JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.”

WATCHER, who watchest by the bed of pain,
While the stars sweep on in their midnight
train ;

Stifling the tear for Thy loved one's sake ;
Holding Thy breath, lest his sleep should break ;
In Thy loneliest hours, there's a helper nigh,
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Stranger, afar from thy native land,
Whom no one takes with a brother's hand ;
Table and hearthstone are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee ;
There is one who can tell of a home on high,
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Sad one, in secret, bending low,
A dart in Thy breast, that the world may not know,
Striving the favour of God to win,—
Asking His pardon for days of sin ;
Press on, press on, with thy earnest cry,
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Mourner, who sits in the churchyard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,
Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
Planting the myrtle, the rose instead—
Look up, look up, with thy tearful eye,
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Fading one, with the hectic streak,
With thy vein of fire, and thy burning cheek,
Fear'st thou to tread the darken'd vale,
Look unto One who can never fail.
He hath trod it Himself, He will hear thy sigh,
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

CCI.

MISTAKEN GRIEF.

“ There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest:”

WE mourn for those who toil,
The wretch who ploughs the main,
The slave who hopeless tills the soil
Beneath the stripe and chain ;
For those who in the world’s hard race,
O’erwearied and unblest,
A host of gliding phantoms chase :
Why mourn for those who rest ?

We mourn for those who sin,
Bound in the tempter’s snare,
Whom syren pleasure beckoneth in
To prisons of despair ;
Whose hearts, by whirlwind passions torn,
Are wreck’d on folly’s shore ;
But why in anguish should we mourn
For those who sin no more ?

We mourn for those who weep,
Whom stern afflictions bend,
Despairing, o’er the last long sleep
Of lover or of friend ;

But they who Jordan's swelling tide
No more are call'd to stem,
Whose tears the hand of God hath dried,
Why should we weep for them?

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

CCII.

“AS THY DAYS, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE.”

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs ;
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That “ as my day, my strength shall be.”

When, with sad footsteps, memory roves
'Mid smitten joys and buried loves,
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,
Still to Thy promise, Lord ! I flee,
That “ as my day, my strength shall be.”

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest and the last ;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer ! grant my soul to see
That “ as her day, her strength shall be.”

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

CCIII.

FAITH.

WRAPT in the robe of Faith,
 Come to the place of prayer,
 And seal thy deathless vows to Him
 Who makes thy life His care.
 Doth He thy sunny skies
 O'ercloud with tempest gloom?
 Or take the idol of thy breast
 And hide it in the tomb?
 Or bid thy treasured joys
 In hopeless ruin lie?
 Search not His reasons,—wait His will;
 The record is on high.
 For should He strip thy heart
 Of all it loves on earth,
 And set thee naked and alone,
 As at thy day of birth;
 He cannot do thee wrong,
 Those gifts were His at first,—
 Draw nearer to His changeless throne,
 Bow deeper in the dust.
 Calls He thy parting soul,
 Unbodied, from the throng?
 Cling closer to thy Saviour's cross,
 And raise the victor's song.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

CCIV.

LIFE RAPIDLY PASSING AWAY.

AS flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hasting to the sea,
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offer'd peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day,
So fast the night comes o'er us—
The darkness of the grave;
And death is just before us:
God takes the life He gave.

Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament for ever
The ruin of thy soul.

Samuel F. Smith.

CCV.

THE PRAYER OF AGONY.

B EYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane ;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

He bows beneath the sins of men ;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane ;
He lifts His mournful eyes above—
“ My Father, can this cup remove ? ”

With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to His Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane ;
“ Behold me here, Thine only Son ;
And, Father, let Thy will be done.”

The Father heard ; and angels, there,
Sustain'd the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane ;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain—
Then rose to life and joy again.

When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow, like Him, in prayer.

Samuel F. Smith.

CCVI.

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

DOWN to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led ;
And He who came our souls to save
In Jordan bow'd His head.

He taught the solemn way ;
He fix'd the holy rite ;
He bade His ransom'd ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

Blest Saviour, we will tread
In Thy appointed way ;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

Samuel F. Smith.

CCVII.

BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

HOW calmly wakes the hallow'd morn !
How tranquil earth's repose !—
Meet emblem of the Sabbath morn,
When, early, Jesus rose.

How fair, along the rippling wave,
The radiant light is cast !—
A symbol of the mystic grave
Through which the Saviour pass'd.

Around this scene of sacred love
The peace of heaven is shed :
So came the Spirit, like a dove,
To rest on Jesus' head.

Lord, meet us in this path of Thine ;
We come Thy rite to seal ;
Move o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And all Thy grace reveal.

Samuel F. Smith.

CCVIII.

NATIONAL HYMN.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name—I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song :
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel F. Smith.

CCIX.

THE MISSIONARY ANGEL.

ONWARD speed thy conquering flight;
Angel, onward speed;
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede;
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy,
Spread the gospel's holy trust,
Spread the gospel's joy.

Onward speed thy conquering flight;
Angel, onward haste;
Quickly on each mountain's height
Be thy standard placed;
Let thy blissful tidings float
Far o'er vale and hill,
Till the sweetly-echoing note
Every bosom thrill.

Onward speed thy conquering flight ;
Angel, onward fly ;
Long has been the reign of night ;
Bring the morning nigh :
'Tis to thee the heathen lift
Their imploring wail ;
Bear them Heaven's holy gift,
Ere their courage fail.

Onward speed thy conquering flight ;
Angel, onward speed ;
Morning bursts upon our sight—
'Tis the time decreed :
Jesus now His kingdom takes,
Thrones and empires fall,
And the joyous song awakes,
“ God is all in all.”

Samuel F. Smith.

CCX.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to Thee, O Lord.

Join'd in one body may we be ;
One inward life partake ;
One be our heart ; one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide ;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In Thee may we abide.

Complete in us, whom grace hath call'd,
Thy glorious work begun,
O Thou, in whom the church on earth
And church in heaven are one,

Around this feeble, trusting band
Thy sheltering pinions spread,
Nor let the storms of trial beat
Too fiercely on our head.

Then, when, among the saints in light,
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be Thine.

Samuel F. Smith.

CCXI.

“REMEMBER THY CREATOR.”

REMEMBER thy Creator ”
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night ;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

“Remember thy Creator ”
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust ;
Before with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear,
He cries, who died to save it,
“Thy great Creator fear.”

Samuel F. Smith.

CCXII.

SABBATH EVENING.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day ;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades ;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

Peace is on the world abroad ;
'Tis the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Samuel F. Smith.

CCXIII.

SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL.

THE morning light is breaking ;
The darkness disappears ;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears :
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour :
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above ;

While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way ;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay :
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home ;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, " The Lord is come."

Samuel F. Smith.

CCXIV.

THE SINNER AT THE JUDGMENT.

WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finish'd thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear ?

When the world has pass'd away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh, where wilt thou be found ?

When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, oh, where wilt thou appear?

What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crown'd,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

Samuel F. Smith.

CCXV.

SELF-CONSECRATION IN BAPTISM.

WHILE in this sacred rite of Thine
We yield our spirits now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And seal the cheerful vow.

All glory be to Him whose life
For ours was freely given,
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,
And makes us meet for heaven.

To Thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers ;
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these hallow'd hours.

Oh, may we die to earth and sin,
Beneath the mystic flood ;
And when we rise, may we begin
To live anew for God.

Samuel F. Smith.

CCXVI.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

YES, my native land, I love thee ;
All thy scenes, I love them well :
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell ?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

Home, thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell :
Happy home, indeed I love thee :
Can I, can I say, " Farewell ? "
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
From the scenes I loved so well:
Far away, ye billows, bear me:
Lovely, native land, farewell:
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

In the deserts let me labour;
On the mountains let me tell
How He died—the blessèd Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell.

Samuel F. Smith.

CCXVII.

A MORNING HYMN.

ARISE, my soul ! with rapture rise,
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful Sovereign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

And may this day, indulgent Power !
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be ;
But may each swiftly flying hour
Advance my soul more nigh to Thee.

But can it be that Power divine,
Whose throne is light's unbounded blaze,
While countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise,

Will deign to lend a favouring ear
When I, poor abject mortal, pray ?
Yes, boundless Goodness ! He will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

Then let me serve Thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase ;
For pleasant, Lord, are all Thy ways,
And all Thy paths are paths of peace.

Samuel J. Smith.

CCXVIII.

“PEACE—BE STILL.”

WHEN on His mission from His home in heaven,
In the frail bark the Saviour deign'd to sleep ;
The tempest rose—with headlong fury driven,

The wave-toss'd vessel whirl'd along the deep :
Wild shriek'd the storm amid the parting shrouds,
And the vex'd billows dash'd the darkening clouds.

Ah ! then, how futile human skill and power,—

“ Save us ! we perish in the o'erwhelming wave,”
They cried, and found, in that tremendous hour,

“ An eye to pity, and an arm to save.”
He spoke, and lo ! obedient to His will,
The raging waters and the winds were still.

And thou, poor trembler on life's stormy sea !

Where dark the waves of sin and sorrow roll,
To Him for refuge from the tempest flee,—

To Him, confiding, trust the sinking soul ;
For, oh ! He came to calm the tempest-toss'd,
To seek the wandering, and to save the lost.

For thee, and such as thee, impell'd by love,

He left the mansions of the blest on high ;
'Mid sin, and pain, and grief, and fear, to move,—

With lingering anguish and with shame to die.
The debt to Justice boundless Mercy paid,
For hopeless guilt complete atonement made.

Oh ! in return for such surpassing grace,
Poor, blind, and naked, what canst thou impart ?
Canst thou no offering on His altar place ?

Yes, lowly mourner ! give Him all thy heart :
That simple offering He will not disown,—
That living incense may approach His throne.

He asks not herds, and flocks, and seas of oil,
No vain oblations please the all-knowing Mind ;
But the poor, weary, sin-sick, spent with toil,
Who humbly seek it, shall deliverance find :
Like her, the sufferer, who in secret stole
To touch His garment, and at once was whole.

Oh, for a voice of thunder ! which might wake
The slumbering sinner, ere he sink in death ;
Oh, for a tempest, into dust to shake
His sand-built dwelling, while he yet has breath !
A viewless hand, to picture on the wall
His fearful sentence, ere the curtain fall.

Child of the dust ! from torpid ruin rise,—
Be earth's delusions from thy bosom hurl'd ;
And strive to measure with enlighten'd eyes
The dread importance of the eternal world.
The shades of night are gathering round thee fast,—
Arise to labour ere thy day be past !

In darkness tottering on the slippery verge
Of frail existence, soon to be no more ;

Death's rude, tempestuous, ever-nearing surge
Shall quickly dash thee from the sinking shore.
But, ah ! the secrets of the following day
What tongue may utter, or what eye survey !

Oh ! think in time, then, what the meek inherit,—
What the peace-maker's, what the mourner's part :
The allotted portion of the poor in spirit,—
The promised vision of the pure in heart.
For yet in Gilead there is balm to spare,
And, prompt to succour, a Physician there.

Samuel J. Smith.

CCXIX.

CHRIST'S VOICE IN THE SOUL.

MID the mad whirl of life, its dim confusion,
Its jarring discords and poor vanity,
Breathing like music over troubled waters,
What gentle voice, O Christian, speaks to thee ?

It is a stranger—not of earth or earthly ;
By the serene, deep fulness of that eye,
By the calm, pitying smile, the gesture lowly,
It is thy Saviour as He passeth by.

“ Come, come,” He saith, “ into a desert place,
Thou who art weary of life's lower sphere ;
Leave its low strifes, forget its babbling noise ;
Come thou with Me—all shall be bright and clear.

“ Art thou bewilder’d by contending voices,
Sick, to thy soul, of party noise and strife ?
Come, leave it all, and seek that solitude
Where thou shalt learn of Me a purer life.

“ When, far behind, the world’s great tumult dieth,
Thou shalt look back and wonder at its roar ;
But its far voice shall seem to thee a dream,
Its power to vex thy holier life be o’er.

“ There shalt thou learn the secret of a power,
Mine to bestow, which heals the ills of living ;
To overcome by love, to live by prayer,
To conquer man’s worst evils by forgiving.”

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

CCXX.

“ WHEN I AWAKE I AM STILL WITH THEE.”

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning
breaketh,`

When the bird waketh and the shadows flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, *I am with Thee !*

Alone with Thee ! amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So, in this stillness, Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee ! as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness awaking,
Breathe each new day, nearness to Thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;
Oh ! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—*I am with Thee.*

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

CCXXI.

“ABIDE IN ME, AND I IN YOU.”

The Soul's Reply.

THAT mystic word of Thine, O Sovereign Lord !
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me ;
Weary with striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee ;
From this good hour, oh, leave me never more ;
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be heal'd,
The lifelong bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me ! o'ershadow by Thy love
Each half-form'd purpose and dark thought of sin.
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul, as Thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs a hand divine ;
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer Thine.

Abide in me ! there have been moments pure,
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy power ;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hush'd,
Own'd the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare—
Abide in me, and they shall *ever* be !
Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer,
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

CCXXII.

THE GOD OF PEACE.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful *stillness* reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Die in hush'd stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

O, rest of rests ! O, peace serene, eternal !
Thou ever livest ; and Thou changest never,
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy—for ever and for ever.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

CCXXIII.

THE MORNING STAR.

BENIGHTED on the troubled main,
While stormy terrors clothe the sky ;
The trembling voyager strives in vain,
And nought but dark despair is nigh ;
When, lo ! a gem of peerless light,
With radiant splendour shines afar ;
And, through the clouds of darkest night,
Appears the Bright and Morning Star.

With joy he greets the cheering ray
That beams on ocean's weary breast ;
Precursor of a smiling day,
It lulls his fears to peaceful rest ;
No more in peril doth he roam,
For night and danger now are far ;
With steady helm he enters home,
His guide the Bright and Morning Star.

Thus when affliction's billows roll,
And waves of sorrow and of sin
Eset the fearful, weeping soul,
And all is dark and drear within :
'Tis Jesus, whispering strains of peace,
Drives every doubt and fear afar ;
He bids the raging tempest cease
And shines the Bright and Morning Star.

William Bingham Tappan.

CCXXIV.

WORSHIP.

HOLY be this, as was the place,
To him, of Padan-aram known,
Where Abraham's God reveal'd His face,
And caught the pilgrim to the throne.
O ! how transporting was the glow
That thrill'd his bosom, mix'd with fear
“ Lo ! the Eternal walks below—
The Highest tabernacles here ! ”

Be ours, when faith and hope grow dim,
The glories that the patriarch saw ;
And when we faint, may we, like him,
Fresh vigour from the vision draw.
Heaven's lightning hover'd o'er his head,
And flash'd new splendours on his view
Break forth, thou Sun ! and freely shed
Glad rays upon our Bethel too.

'Tis ours to sojourn in a waste,
Barren and cold as Shinar's ground ;
No fruits of Eshcol charm the taste,
No streams of Meribah are found ;
But Thou can'st bid the desert bud
With more than Sharon's rich display
And 'Thou can'st bid the cooling flood
Gush from the rock and cheer the way

We tread the path Thy people trod,
 Alternate sunshine, bitter tears ;
Go Thou before, and with Thy rod
 Divide the Jordan of our fears.
Be ours the song of triumph given—
 Angelic themes to lips of clay ;
And ours the holy harp of heaven,
 Whose strain dissolves the soul away.

William Bingham Tappan.

CCXXV.

THE HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
 To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distress'd—
A balm for every wounded breast—
 'Tis found alone in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
 Far from these shades of even—
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
 And find repose in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—'tis heaven.

There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

William Bingham Tappan.

CCXXVI.

GETHSEMANE.

'TIS midnight—and on Olives' brow
The star is dimm'd that lately shone ;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight—and, from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles, lone, with fears ;
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood ;
Yet He, that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

'Tis midnight—from the heavenly plains
Are borne the songs that angels know ;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William Bingham Tappan.

CCXXVII.

“ THY WILL BE DONE.”

WHEN sorrow casts its shade around,
And pleasure seems our course to shun,
When nought but grief and care is found,
'Tis sweet to say, “ Thy will be done.”

When sickness lends its pallid hue,
And every dream of bliss has flown,
When quickly from the fading view
Recede the joys that once were known,—

The soul resign'd will yet rejoice,
Though life's last sand has nearly run ;
With humble faith and trembling voice,
It still replies, “ Thy will be done.”

When call'd to mourn the early doom
Of one affection held most dear,
While drops upon the closing tomb
The silent, the expressive tear ;

Though love its tribute sad will pay,
And earthly streams of solace shun,
Still, still the gracious soul will say,
In lowly dust, "Thy will be done."

Whate'er, O Lord, Thou hast design'd
To bring my soul to Thee, its trust,
If mercies or afflictions kind,
For all Thy dealings, Lord, are just.

Take all ! but grant in goodness free,
The love that ne'er Thy stroke would shun,
Support this heart and strengthen me
To say in faith, "Thy will be done."

William Bingham Tappan.

CCXXVIII.

SATURDAY EVENING.

WHILE the solemn note of time
Warns me of his hasty tread ;
While the silent march of days,
Tells—another week hath fled ;
While the busy hum of toil,
Works of care and labour cease ;
While the six days' weary strife
Yields to holy, welcome peace,—

Let me all the past review ;
Much hath Heaven bestow'd on me,
Much have I to folly given ;
God ! what have I done for Thee ?
Nearer to my final hour,
Am I seal'd with Jesus' blood ?
Nearer to eternity,
Am I nearer to my God ?
Hasten, pilgrim ! on thy way,
Gird thee at the martyrs' shrine ;
Hasten, pilgrim ! why delay ?
Immortality is thine.

William Bingham Tappan.

CCXXIX.

THE VICTORY OF LIFE.

I ONCE made search, in hope to find
Abiding peace of mind.

I toil'd for riches—as if these
Could bring the spirit ease !

I turn'd aside to books and lore,
Still baffled as before.

I tasted then of love and fame,
But hunger'd still the same.

I chose the sweetest paths I knew,
Where only roses grew.

Then fell a voice from out the skies,
With message in this wise :

“ Oh, my disciple ! is it meet
That roses tempt thy feet ?

Thy Master, even for His head,
Had only thorns instead ! ”

Then, drawn as by a heavenly grace,
I left the flowery place,

And walk'd on cutting flints and stones.
I said with tears and groans :

“ O Lord ! my feet, where Thou dost lead,
Shall follow though they bleed ! ”

As then I saw He chose my path
For discipline, not wrath,

I walk'd in weakness, till at length
I suffer'd unto strength.

Nor ever were my trials done,
But straightway new begun.

For when I learn'd to cast disdain
Upon some special pain,

He gave me sharper strokes to bear,
And pierced me to despair :

Until, so sorely was I prest,
I broke beneath the test,

And fell within the tempter's power.
Yet in the evil hour,

Bound hand and foot. I cried, " O Lord!
Break Thou the threefold cord ! "

And while my soul was at her prayer,
He snatch'd me from the snare.

I then approach'd the gate of death,
Where, struggling for my breath,

I smote my coward knees in fear,
Aghast to stand so near !

Yet when I shiver'd in the gloom,
Down-gazing in the tomb,

" O Lord ! " I cried, " bear Thou my sin,
And I will enter in ! "

But He by whom my soul was tried
Not yet was satisfied.

For then He crush'd me with a blow
Of more than mortal woe,

Till bitter death had been relief
To my more bitter grief.

Yet, bleeding, panting in the dust,
I knew His judgment just ;

And, as a lark with broken wing
Sometimes has heart to sing,

So I, all shatter'd, still could raise
To His dear name the praise !

Henceforth I know a holy prayer
To conquer pain and care.

For when my struggling flesh grows faint,
And murmurs with complaint,

My spirit cries, Thy will be done !
And finds the victory won.

Theodore Tilton.

CCXXX.

DYING, YET LIVING.

SHE died, yet is not dead !
Ye saw a daisy on her tomb :
It bloom'd to die—she died to bloom ;
Her summer hath not sped.

She died, yet is not dead !

Ye saw her jewels all unset ;
But God let fall a coronet
To crown her ransom'd head.

She died, yet is not dead !

Ye saw her gazing toward a sky
Whose lights are shut from mortal eye ;
She linger'd, yearn'd and fled.

She died, yet is not dead !

Through pearly gate, on golden street,
She went her way with shining feet :
Go ye, and thither tread !

Theodore Tilton.

CCXXXI.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF SUFFERING.

THY cruel crown of thorns !

But where, O Lord, is mine ?
Are there for me no scoffs and scorns,
Since only such were Thine ?

Or having named Thy name,

Shall I no burden take ?
And is there left no thorn, no shame,
To suffer for Thy sake ?

Unscourged of any whip,
Unpierced of any sting,—
O Lord, how faint my fellowship
With Thy sad suffering !

Yet Thy dread sacrifice
So fills my soul with woe,
That all the fountains of mine eyes
Well up and overflow.

The spear that pierced Thy side
Gave wounds to more than Thee.
Within my soul, O Crucified,
Thy cross is laid on me.

And as Thy rocky tomb
Was in a garden fair,
Where round about stood flowers in bloom.
To sweeten all the air,—

So in my heart of stone
I sepulchre Thy death,
While thoughts of Thee, likes roses blown,
Bring sweetness in their breath.

Arise not, O my Dead !—
As one whom Mary sought,
And found an empty tomb instead,
Her spices all for nought,—

O Lord, not so depart
From my enshrining breast,
But lie anointed in a heart
That by Thy death is blest.

Or if Thou shalt arise,
Abandon not Thy grave,
But bear it with Thee to the skies,—
A heart that Thou shalt save !

Theodore Tilton.

CCXXXII.

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

DAYS of my youth, ye have glided away :
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray :
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more :
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrow'd all o'er :
Strength of my youth, all your vigour is gone :
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall :
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall :
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen :
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears you have been :
Thoughts of my youth, you have led me astray :
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay ?

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past :
 Pains of my age, yet a while you can last :
 Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight :
 Eyes of my age, be religion your light :
 Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod :
 Hopes of my age, be ye fix'd on your God.

St. George Tucker.

CCXXXIII.

“ I WAIT FOR THE LORD; MY SOUL
 DOTI WAIT.”

FATHER ! I wait Thy word. The sun doth stand
 Beneath the mingling line of night and day,
 A listening servant waiting Thy command,
 To roll rejoicing on its silent way.

The tongue of time abides the appointed hour,
 Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall ;
 The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower,
 Then every drop speeds onward at Thy call.

The bird reposes on the yielding bough,
 With breast unswollen by the tide of song ;—
 So does my spirit wait Thy presence now,
 To pour Thy praise in quickening life along.

Jones Very.

CCXXXIV.

THE CHILD OF GOD.

FATHER ! there is no change to live with Thee,
Save that in Thee I grow from day to day ;
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on my way.

The morning comes, with blushes overspread,
And I, new-waken'd, find a morn within ;
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn.

Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend ;
Yet they could never reach as far as me,
Did not Thy love its kind protection lend,
That I, Thy child, might sleep in peace with Thee.

Jones Very.

CCXXXV.

HEAVEN NOT AFAR OFF.

FATHER ! Thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom
stray'd ;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to Thine own sons display'd.

In finding Thee are all things round us found ;
In losing Thee are all things lost beside ;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we that world may see !
Open our ears that we Thy voice may hear !
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel Thy presence with us always near.

Jones Very.

CCXXXVI.

“ AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP.”

THE bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed ;
Then seize, O youth ! the present hour.—
Of that thou hast most need.

Do thy best always,—do it now ;
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
Fall seeds of good or crime.

The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown ;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.

And soon the harvest of thy toil
Rejoicing thou shalt reap ;
Or o'er thy wild, neglected soil
Go forth in shame to weep.

Jones Very.

CCXXXVII.

THE ARK.

THERE is no change of time and place with Thee ;
Where'er I go, with me 'tis still the same,
Within Thy presence I rejoice to be,
And always hallow Thy most holy Name ;
The world doth ever change, there is no peace
Among the shadows on its storm-vex'd breast ;
With every breath the frothy waves increase,
They toss up mire and dirt, they cannot rest ;
I thank Thee that within Thy strong-built ark
My soul across the uncertain sea can sail,
And, though the night of death be long and dark,
My hope in Christ shall reach within the veil ;
And to the promised haven steady steer,
Whose rest to those who love is ever near.

Jones Very.

CCXXXVIII.

“VISIT ME WITH THY SALVATION.”

WILT Thou not visit me ?
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew ;
Each blade of grass I see,
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me ?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone ;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come ! for I need Thy love,
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;
Come, like Thy holy dove,
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes ; Thou wilt visit me ;
Nor plant nor tree Thine eye delights so well
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to dwell.

Jones Very.

CCXXXIX.

THANKSGIVING.

FATHER of earth and heaven,
Whose arm upholds creation,
To Thee we raise the voice of praise,
And bend in adoration.
We praise the power that made us,
We praise the love that blesses ;
While every day that rolls away
Thy gracious care confesses.

Though trial and affliction
May cast their dark shade o'er us,
Thy love doth throw a heavenly glow
Of light on all before us.
That love has smiled from heaven
To cheer our path of sadness,
And leads the way, through earth's dull day,
To realms of endless gladness.

That light of love and glory
Has shone through Christ, the Saviour,
The holy Guide, who lived and died
That we might live for ever !

And since Thy great compassion
Thus brings Thy children near Thee,
May we to praise devote our days,
And love as well as fear Thee.

And when death's final summons
From earth's dear scenes shall move us,
From friends, from foes, from joys, from woes,
From all that know and love us,
Oh ! then let hope attend us ;
Thy peace to us be given ;
That we may rise above the skies,
And sing Thy praise in heaven.

Henry Ware, Jun.

CCXL.

HYMN IN SICKNESS.

FATHER, Thy gentle chastisement
Falls kindly on my burden'd soul ;
I see its merciful intent,
To warn me back to Thy control ;
And pray that, while I kiss the rod,
I may find perfect peace with God.

The errors of my heart I know ;
I feel my deep infirmities ;

For often virtuous feelings glow,
And holy purposes arise ;
But, like the morning clouds, decay,
As empty, though as fair, as they.

Forgive the weakness I deplore,
And let Thy peace abound in me,
That I may trust my heart no more,
But wholly cast myself on Thee.
O, let my Father's strength be mine,
And my devoted life be Thine.

Henry Ware, Jun.

CCXLI.

ORDINATION HYMN.

Written for the Ordination of the Rev. Jared Sparks, D. D.
over the first Unitarian Church, Baltimore, 1819.

GREAT God, the followers of Thy Son,
We bow before Thy mercy-seat,
To worship Thee, the holy One,
And pour our wishes at Thy feet.

O, grant Thy blessing here to-day !
O, give Thy people joy and peace !
The tokens of Thy love display,
And favour that shall never cease.

We seek the truth that Jesus brought ;
His path of light we long to tread ;
Here be His holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

May faith, and hope, and love abound ;
Our sins and errors be forgiven ;
And we, in Thy great day, be found
Children of God and heirs of heaven.

Henry Ware, Jun.

CXXLII.

FAMILY MEETING.

I N this glad hour, when children meet,
And home with them their children bring,
Our hearts with one affection beat,
One song of praise our voices sing.

For all the faithful, loved and dear,
Whom Thou so kindly, Lord, hast given ;
For those who still are with us here,
And those who wait for us in heaven ;—

For every past and present joy,
For honour, competence, and health,
For hopes which time may not destroy,—
Our souls' imperishable wealth ;—

For all, accept our humble praise ;
 Still bless us, Father, by Thy love ;
 And when are closed our mortal days,
 Unite us in one home above.

Henry Ware, Jun.

CCXLIII.

“EVEN SO IN CHRIST SHALL ALL BE
 MADE ALIVE.”

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die,
 Vain were the terrors that gather'd around Him,
 And short the dominion of death and the grave ;
 He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him,
 Resplendent in glory to live and to save.
 Loud was the chorus of angels on high—
 “The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.”

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy :
 The being He gave us death cannot destroy ;
 Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
 If tears were our birthright, and death were our end ;
 But Jesus hath cheer'd the dark valley of sorrow,
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
 Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
 Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

Henry Ware, Jun.

CCXLIV.

A CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

LIKE Israel's hosts to exile driven,
Across the flood the pilgrims fled;
Their hands bore up the ark of heaven,
And heaven their trusting footsteps led,
Till on these savage shores they trod,
And won the wilderness for God.

There, where their weary ark found rest,
Another Zion proudly grew,
In more than Judah's glory dress'd.
With light that Israel never knew.
From sea to sea her empire spread,
Her temple heaven, and Christ her head.

Then let the grateful church, to-day,
Its ancient rite with gladness keep:
Our fathers' God! their children pray
Thy blessing, though the fathers sleep.
O, bless, as Thou hast bless'd the past!
While earth, and time, and heaven shall last.

Henry Ware, Jun.

CCXLV.

ON LAYING A CORNER STONE OF A CHURCH.

O THOU, in whom alone is found
The strength by which our toil is blest,
Upon this consecrated ground
Now bid Thy cloud of glory rest.

In Thy great name we place this stone ;
To Thy great truth these walls we rear :
Long may they make Thy glory known,
And long our Saviour triumph here.

And while Thy sons, from earth apart,
Here seek the truth from heaven that sprung,
Fill with Thy Spirit every heart,
With living fire touch every tongue.

Lord, feed Thy church with peace and love ;
Let sin and error pass away,
Till truth's full influence from above
Rejoice the earth with cloudless day.

Henry Ware, Jun.

CCXLVI.

P R A Y E R.

TO prayer, to prayer;—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes:
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness and life and love.
Oh, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer—for the glorious sun is gone.
And the gathering darkness of night comes on:
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows
To shade the couch where His children repose.
Then kneel while the watching stars are bright.
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer—for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest:
It speaks of Creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince that burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallow'd hours.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parent and home farewell!

Kneel down by the side of the tearful there,
And strengthen the fateful hour with prayer.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies :
Oh, hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows
With a rapture a mother only knows :
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer ;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Drops of anguish are thick on his brow :
Oh, what is earth and its pleasures now ?
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends :
There is peace in the eye, which the Spirit sends ;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air ;
For his thoughts are with God, and his last words,
prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier !
A voice to strengthen, to soothe, to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave ;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave ;
It points to the glory where He shall reign,
Who whisper'd, " Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss !
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransom'd shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing ;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise ;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To Him, who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise ;
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given ;
For a life of prayer is a life of heaven.

Henry Ware, Jun.

CCXLVII.

SUBMISSION.

ALL as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told !

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have mark'd my erring track :
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerv'd,
His chastening turn'd me back ;

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;

That death seems but a cover'd way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight ;

That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair ;

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angels of its strife
Slow rounding into calm,

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

CCXLVIII.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

HAST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of time,
And the low mysterious voices
Of another clime ?

Early hath life's mighty question
Thrill'd within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching,—
What, and where, is truth ?

Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend ;
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end.

Ernest toil and strong endeavour
Of a spirit, which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin ;

And without, with tireless vigour,
Steady heart, and purpose strong,
In the power of truth assaileth
Every form of wrong.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

CCXLIX.

PATIENCE.

SHALL we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time
And His appointed way ?

Alas ! a deeper test of faith
Than prison-cell or martyr's stake,
The self-abasing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make !

We gird us bravely to rebuke
Our erring brother in the wrong ;
And in the ear of Pride and Power
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword
Than " watch one hour " in humbling prayer ;
Life's " great things," like the Syrian Lord,
Our hearts can do and dare ;

But, O, we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save,
And murmur for Abana's banks
And Pharpar's brighter wave !

O Thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,
Who slumber'd at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of Thy pain,

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with Thee.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

CCL.

A PRESENT SAVIOUR.

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down ;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He ;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame ;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burden'd with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

CCLI.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

WOULDST thou from sorrow find a sweet relief ?
Or is thy heart oppress'd with woes untold ?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief ?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold ?
'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty ; not when, all unroll'd,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night
When death is waiting for thy number'd hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight ;
Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,

And be thy thoughts to work divine address ;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might ;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God Himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fix'd, and feelings purely kind ;
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,
Shalt bless the earth, when in the world above,
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow ;
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in Heaven's immortal
bowers.

Carlos Wilcox.



NOTES.

I.—II.

THESE hymns were probably written about 1830 ; as it is well known that the illustrious author, on his retiring from the Presidency (1829), devoted a portion of his time daily to reading the Bible in the original languages, and to versifying the Psalms.

III. I have not found any two versions of this hymn alike, and have followed mainly that of the *Sabbath Hymn Book*, and of Rev. Frederick M. Bird's selection. It was translated, about 1849, from Paul Gerhardt (1659), whose German version was founded upon the French of Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153.

VII. Dr. Bethune's remains were taken to New York, and buried in Greenwood Cemetery. He had written all the directions for his funeral ; and, among others, that this hymn should be sung, and he even selected the tune that should be used with it.

VIII. It was the custom of Dr. Bethune to prepare hymns for his Sunday-school children upon their festal days, and this is one of them.

XIII. This hymn, in manuscript, was found among the author's papers after his death.

XV. This is said to have been the author's first and favourite hymn, having been written when he was on a voyage to the

West Indies, for the benefit of his health, in the year 1825; but it was not published till some years after.

xvii. About the year 1848, the Rev. J. S. Holmes, editor of the *Baptist Hymn and Tune Book*, applied to Dr. Bethune to write for his collection a hymn upon baptism. He remarked to his nephew, Rev. George Duffield, Jun., who was with him in his study when he sat down to compose it, "I have the vanity to think that I can write a better hymn of that kind than any I have seen in their collections;" and the judgment of the Christian public has fully confirmed as true what he had "the vanity to think."

xix. This hymn was found in Dr. Bethune's portfolio after his death, and was evidently written the Saturday before that event, which took place on Sunday, April 27th, 1862.

xxxvi. This piece was first published in the *Independent*, January 18, 1866. I may here add that most of these beautiful hymns of Mr. Burleigh's were given to me in manuscript by the author for this work.

lxix. Dr. Rogers, in the text of his *Lyra Britannica*, credits this hymn to Joseph Cottle, but, in his notes at the end, he makes the proper correction, and assigns it to Mr. Davis.

lxxxI. This spirited hymn caught its inspiration from the dying words of that noble young clergyman, Rev. Dudley Atkins Tyng, rector of the Epiphany Church, Philadelphia, who died about 1854. His last words were, "Tell them to stand up for Jesus: now let us sing a hymn." As he had been much persecuted in those pro-slavery days for his persistent course in pleading the cause of the oppressed, it was thought that these words had a peculiar significance in his mind; as if he had said, "Stand up for Jesus in the person of the down-trodden slave" (*Luke* iv. 18).

lxxxii. This national hymn was written, I believe, about 1844. This is the date given to it by the Rev. Mr. Bird in his collection.

xcI. This first appeared in the *Christian Disciple*, in 1823.

xcii. This was first published in 1835.

CXI. Of this hymn Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D., thus remarks : "It is unsurpassed in the English or any other language. Perhaps it is as near perfection as an uninspired composition can be. The thought, the feeling, the diction, the versification are all exquisite."

CXXXIX. In the preface to the edition of 1861, Dr. Lyons says, "The *Christian Songs*, published in Philadelphia some years ago, are all contained in this volume, together with eight sacred and fifteen other poems not included in the last, West Haverford edition, 1860.

CXLII.—CXLIII. These two hymns were given to me in manuscript by Mr. Mackellar for this collection.

CXLVIII. Of this beautiful piece a member of the English Parliament thus wrote to an American friend—after saying of General Morris that "his many songs and ballads are household words in every home in England"—"But what, after all, are all the throat-warblings in the world to one such heart-song as *My Mother's Bible*? It possesses the true test of genius, touching with sympathy the human heart equally in the palace and the cottage." See my *Compendium of American Literature*, p. 505.

CL. This most beautiful hymn, which has been so much altered and abridged in all our hymn-books, is here printed as the author gave it to me in his own hand. It first appeared in the *Episcopal Recorder*, Philadelphia, June 3rd, 1826, when the Rev. George T. Bedell was the editor.

CLI. This hymn has been printed in many of our books without the first stanza; hence it may be often found by the line, *O cease my wandering soul*. Perhaps, when singing it, the first stanza might be omitted; but it should always be printed, as it is the very subject on which the other stanzas are founded.

CLIX. This hymn originally begun with "Happy, Saviour," and is thus printed in some collections. Not only with the consent, but the approbation of the author, I have transposed the words. I may add that most of these hymns Dr. Nevin gave me in manuscript for this collection.

CLXVII. This was translated from Robert II. of France.

CLXXI. In connection with this hymn—the first, I believe, the author wrote (about 1831)—I have heard the following anecdote from two or three sources, so that I presume it is substantially correct. An editor of a religious periodical, accidentally meeting with young Mr. Palmer, asked him if he could not give him a piece of poetry for his forthcoming number. Mr. Palmer replied that he had in his pocket the manuscript of a hymn which he had just written, and which he might have if he wished. The editor took it, and, after carefully reading it, said, “Mr. Palmer, this hymn will hand your name down to all coming time.” The judgment of the Christian Church, wherever the English language is spoken, has confirmed this prediction.

CLXXIII. This first appeared in the *Congregationalist*, Boston, September 7th, 1867.

CLXXXIII. Although these lines are not exactly in keeping with the general contents of this selection, I give them a place in it because they are so eminently characteristic of my noble friend the author, who preached and laboured so long and so unremittingly against intemperance and slavery. Against the former, at the greatest personal sacrifice; for a majority of the trustees of his church being interested in the liquor traffic, either as distillers or wholesale dealers, his salary was withheld from him for many years, and he had to support himself and family by lecturing and writing. But he would not relinquish his pulpit, and determined that that pulpit should be *free*, uttering this noble sentiment—“If I *must* be *either* a pulpit slave *or* a plantation slave,—send me to the plantation.” At length the Supreme Court of Massachusetts awarded to him all his salary for so many years unpaid, together with the interest that had accrued thereon.

CLXXXVI. This was written for the opening of the Independent Congregational Church, Barton Square, Salem, Massachusetts, December 17th, 1824.

CLXXXVIII. I may here state that this little piece of such finished beauty was dictated by the author, to whom it was my

privilege to minister during a long illness, as he sat up in his bed but two days before his death.

CLXXXIX. This hymn was written in 1837, and first published in the *Boston Observer*, 1838.

CCVIII. I often used to wonder how so good a man could write, and how so many other good people could sing, the second line of this *now* noble national lyric; for it was written at a time (about 1840) when we as a nation were not only by our practice giving the lie to our professed principles, by holding millions of our fellow-men in the vilest slavery, but when no citizen of a so-called free state, of known anti-slavery sentiments, could travel in most of the slave states without danger of the grossest personal violence, and often of his life. But God be praised that all that is now changed; that this good author was then permitted to write for times better than he then knew; and that *now* we can all sing this national hymn rejoicing in its beauty *because of its truth*.

CCXLVII. These are the last seven stanzas of the piece entitled "My Psalm."

CCL. This hymn first appeared in the *Boston Congregationalist*, August 16th, 1867.

CCLI. These are four stanzas out of seven of a piece entitled "Doing Good true Happiness."





BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.



DAMS, JOHN QUINCY, born in Braintree, Massachusetts, 1767: graduated at Harvard University, 1787: from 1794 to 1801 minister to the Netherlands, to England, and Prussia: in 1806 Professor of Rhetoric in Harvard University: in 1809 minister to Russia: in 1813 at the head of five commissioners to negotiate peace with Great Britain: in 1817 Secretary of State under President Munroe: from 1824 to 1829 President of the United States: in 1831 he was elected a representative to Congress. In this sphere of public duty he achieved the proudest triumphs of his life as the undaunted champion of the right of petition. For years and years, aided chiefly by that earlier and still bolder friend of the slave, Hon. Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio, he withstood the combined assaults of the slaveholders and their northern allies. At length their labours were crowned with success, and petitions for the abolition of slavery were received, read, and referred to a committee. On the 21st of Feb. 1848, this pure and noble patriot, when at his post in the House of Representatives, and while rising to address the Speaker, was struck with paralysis. He lingered till the evening of the next day, when he expired. Read a *Memoir of his Life*, by Hon. Josiah Quincy. A sketch of his life and public services, somewhat extended, will be found in my *Compendium of American Literature*.

ALEXANDER, REV. JAMES WADDELL, D.D., eldest son of Dr. Archibald Alexander, born in 1804; was successively

Professor of Biblical Literature in Princeton Theological Seminary; Pastor of a Presbyterian church, Charlottesville, Virginia; and of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, New York. He died in 1854. His chief works are, *Gift to the Afflicted*; *The American Mechanic and Workingman's Companion*; *Thoughts on Family Worship*, &c. After his death, Rev. Dr. Hall, of Trenton, published his *Letters* in two large octavos, which had a very small circulation. Had he made a selection from these letters, connected by a running commentary upon the author's life, and published it in a small duodecimo, it would have, doubtless, been richly prized, and had a large sale. I hope that this will yet be done.

BACON, REV. LEONARD, D.D., born in Detroit, Michigan, in 1802, graduated at New Haven, 1820, studied theology at Andover, and in 1825 was ordained Pastor over the "Centre Church," congregational, in New Haven. At this important and influential post he remained forty-one years, when, 1866, he was elected to one of the theological chairs in the Divinity School of New Haven. From 1822 to the present day he has been a constant contributor to the best religious periodicals, chiefly the *Christian Spectator* and *The New Englander*. It is to be hoped that many of these essays will be selected and reprinted in volumes, as a monument of his ability and learning. In my *Compendium of American Literature* will be found some choice extracts from his prose writings.

BETHUNE, REV. GEORGE WASHINGTON, D.D., LL.D., was born in New York, 1805; graduated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, 1822; and studied theology at Princeton. In 1827 he was settled over the Reformed Dutch Church, Rhinebeck, New York; in 1830 removed to Utica; and in 1834 was called to the Reformed Dutch Church in Crown Street, Philadelphia. In 1837 a new church edifice was built for him at the corner of 10th and Filbert Streets in that city, where he remained twelve years. In 1850 he was called to the Reformed Dutch Church, Brooklyn Heights, New York. In 1861, his health having become much impaired, he went with his wife to Italy, making his abode chiefly at Florence. He had been warned by his physicians against preaching; but when invited by the

Rev. Mr. M'Dougal of that city to preach for him on the morning of the 27th of April, 1862, he felt that he could not refuse, and it is said that he preached with more even than his wonted power and unction. But the effort and excitement were too much for him; for soon after reaching his lodgings he was seized with a rushing of blood to the brain, and breathed his last on the evening of that day. "God took him, as he wished," writes his devoted wife, "from His courts on earth to His courts in heaven."

From his fine scholarship, his power as a writer and orator, and his commanding presence, Dr. Bethune received numerous calls to high posts of honour and trust; such as the Chancellorship of the New York University, the Provostship of the University of Pennsylvania, &c., which he uniformly declined; preferring, as he said, to remain the simple pastor of a Christian church. His chief publications are, *The Fruits of the Spirit*, a volume of essays, 1839; a volume of *Sermons*, 1847; *Lays of Faith and Hope*, 1848; *The British Female Poets*, with biographical and critical notices, 1848. Since his death have appeared his *Lectures on the Heidelberg Catechism*, 2 vols.; and *Life and Letters*, by A. R. Van Nest, D.D., 1 vol. "A compact and well written record," says the *Boston Congregationalist*, "of a great and good man." For some eloquent extracts from his prose writings, see my *Compendium of American Literature*.

BROWN, PHEBE HINSDALE, was born at Canaan, New York, in 1783; was married to Mr. Timothy H. Brown, of whom she had one son and three daughters, and died October 10th, 1861, at Henry, Illinois, in the house of her daughter, Mrs. Elijah Smith. A son is a missionary at Japan, under the auspices of the American Board.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN, was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1794; entered Williams College, and was admitted to the bar in 1815. In 1817 one of his most celebrated poems, *Thanatopsis*, was published in the *North American Review*, which gave him, at once, a high stand as a poet. In 1821 appeared his longest poem, *The Ages*. In 1825 he removed to New York, and the next year became the editor of

the *Evening Post*, with which he has ever since been connected, and which has exerted a great and good influence upon the politics of our country; conducted, as it has always been, not only with signal ability, but with great courtesy and a high-toned morality. He has travelled through Europe several times, and in 1850 gave the results in *Letters of a Traveller*. His *Poems*, which have been published in numerous editions, give him a place among the very first poets of our country.

BURLEIGH, WILLIAM HENRY, was born in Woodstock, Connecticut, in 1812. In his seventeenth year he was apprenticed to the printing business, and, after attaining his majority, his time was divided between the duties of editor and public lecturer. A volume of his poems appeared in Philadelphia in 1840. For the past few years he has had a post in the Custom House, New York. He owes it to himself to collect his numerous beautiful sacred pieces scattered in our various journals, and publish them in a volume.

CARY, ALICE and PRICE.

Alice Cary was born in Hamilton county, Ohio, in 1820, her ancestors having emigrated there from Connecticut after the war of the Revolution. In 1850 she left her western home with her sister Phœbe (who is five years younger) for the city of New York, where the first volume of their joint poems was issued. In 1851 Alice published her first series of her *Clover-nook Papers*, which gave her at once a position as a prose writer. In 1852 appeared her *Hagar, a Story of To-day*. In 1854 Phœbe published a volume of her collected poems, entitled *Poems and Parodies*. Lately (1866) a very elegant volume of Alice's poems have been published by Hurd and Houghton, of New York, and by Sampson Low, Son and Marston, London.

CLARKE, REV. JAMES FREEMAN, born in Hanover, New Hampshire, 1810, graduated at Harvard College, in 1829, and at the Cambridge Divinity School in 1833. He was settled in Louisville, Kentucky, from 1833 to 1840, and in Boston, as pastor of the Church of the Disciples from 1840 to the present time. In 1848 he published *Life and Military Service of General William Hull*, triumphantly vindicating the character of that brave general

from the aspersions that had been cast upon it. In 1851 appeared *Eleven Weeks in Europe*; in 1852, *Christian Doctrine of Forgiveness*; in 1856, *Service Book and Hymn Book for the Church of the Disciples*; and in 1856, *Christian Doctrine of Prayer*. In faith Mr. Clarke belongs to the evangelical party of the Unitarian denomination; and, to his great praise be it said, he was an early and constant outspoken friend of the slave.

CLINCH, JOSEPH H. Of this author I can get no account, though I have written to a number of persons in my country, who, as I thought, would be most likely to know something of him. The hymns here given I have taken from different collections.

COXE, Right Rev. ARTHUR CLEVELAND, eldest son of Rev. Samuel H. Cox, D.D., and Abiah Hyde Cleveland, was born in Mendham, New Jersey (where his father was first settled as pastor of the Presbyterian church), May 10, 1818, and graduated at the New York University in 1838 with honourable distinction. In 1842 he was called to the rectorship of St. John's Church, Hartford, Connecticut. In 1851 he went to England, and was received with marked attention, the fame of his *Christian Ballads* having preceded him. Soon after his return, in 1854, he was elected rector of Grace Church, Baltimore, where he continued till near the close of the slaveholders' rebellion, nobly, and against great and bitter opposition, maintaining the cause of his country, "Union and Liberty." In 1864 he was elected Bishop of the Western Diocese of New York, fixing his residence at Buffalo. His principal publications are, *Athanasion and Miscellaneous Poems*, 1840; *Christian Ballads*, 1841; *Hallowe'en and other Poems*, 1844; *Saul, a Mystery*, 1845; and *Impressions of England*, 1855.

CROSWELL, Rev. WILLIAM, D.D., was born at Hudson, New York, in 1804. In 1818 he entered Yale College, took his bachelor's degree in 1822, and in 1825 entered the seminary of the Episcopal Church in New York; but his health becoming somewhat impaired, he removed to Hartford, and continued his theological studies in the college there. In 1829 he was ordained, and entered on the rectorship of Christ Church, in Boston. In this office he continued till 1844, when he under-

took the founding of the Church of the Advent in that city, in the service of which he ministered till his death, 1851.

“As a pastor, few have been more exemplary and devoted than Dr. Croswell. He delighted to find out Christ in his poor; and yet he was always beloved and admired by many among the most refined and affluent. As a preacher, he was chaste and fervent in his style, felicitous in his illustrations and expositions of Holy Scripture, and clear and evangelical in his statements of doctrine.”¹

DAVIS, Rev. ELIEL, was a young clergyman of Massachusetts, and born about 1800. Where he was settled I have not been able to ascertain; but he died quite young, before he had reached his thirtieth year, I believe. I have not been able to find any more of his hymns, which is to be regretted, as the one here given is so beautiful and so finished.

DOANE, Rt. Rev. GEORGE WASHINGTON, D.D., was born in Trenton, New Jersey, in 1799, and graduated at Union College, New York. For four years he was assistant minister in Trinity Church, New York, and in 1824 was appointed Professor of Belles-Lettres in Washington College, Hartford, Connecticut. In 1828 he accepted an invitation from Trinity Church, Boston, and in 1832 was consecrated Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of New Jersey. He died April 26, 1859.

Besides attending assiduously to the duties of his official position, Bishop Doane took a deep interest in the cause of education. In 1837 he founded St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, New Jersey, a school for young ladies; and, in 1846, Burlington College, for young men. Since his death his works, consisting of sermons, orations, charges, poetry, &c., have been published in four volumes, octavo. Throughout all his writings, both prose and poetry, there is seen a refined taste and a classic finish that give him a place among our purest writers.

DUFFIELD, Rev. GEORGE, was born in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1818, when his father, recently pastor of the first Presbyterian church in Detroit, Michigan, was settled over the first Presbyterian church in that town. He graduated at Yale College in 1837, was ordained to the ministry in 1840, and soon settled

¹ Memoir, by Rt. Rev. A. Cleveland Cox, D.D.

in Bloomfield, New Jersey. Thence he was called to Brooklyn, New York, and thence, in 1852, to Philadelphia, to the church in Buttonwood Street. In 1860 he was called to the Presbyterian church in Ann Arbour, Michigan. Mr. Duffield has written many hymns, but will be chiefly remembered for the one, "Stand up for Jesus."

DWIGHT, JOHN S., is the son of the Rev. Timothy Dwight, D.D., for many years president of Yale College. Though he has written a number of hymns, and has contributed to our literature some fine prose translations from Goethe and Schiller, he will be most known as the writer of one of our noble national anthems, "God save the State."

DWIGHT, Rev. TIMOTHY, D.D., was born in Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1752. After graduating at Yale College, he was chosen tutor, which office he held for six years. In 1783 he was ordained over the Congregational church in Greenfield, Connecticut, and in 1795 was chosen president of Yale College, which post he held until his death, which occurred January 11, 1817.

Dr. Dwight's published works are, *The Conquest of Canaan*, a poem; *Greenfield Hill*, a poem; *Travels in New England*, four volumes; *Theology Explained and Defended*, five volumes; and some versions of the Psalms. His *Theology* has passed through numerous editions in England as well as in our own country, and is very highly esteemed. But his noblest life-work was, perhaps, his presidency of Yale College; for the happy influence he exerted for twenty-two years in training the minds and moulding the characters of so many hundreds of young men, can never die.

EASTBURN, Rev. JAMES WALLACE, was born in New York in 1797, and was graduated at Columbia College. He entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and was settled over a small parish on the eastern shore of Virginia. He died in his twenty-second year (December 2, 1819), when on a voyage to Santa Cruz for the benefit of his health.

Mr. Eastburn was a young man of uncommon promise. In conjunction with his intimate friend, Robert C. Sands, he wrote the poem on the history of Philip, the Indian chief, called

Yamoyden—a remarkable production for authors so young; for Sands was two years his junior. He left behind numerous productions in prose and verse, which have never been published.

EASTBURN, JOSEPH (1748-1828), was a celebrated preacher to seamen in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for nearly half a century. In October, 1819, he founded there the Mariners' Church, which has been productive of great good. An interesting memoir of him was written by the Rev. Ashbel Green, D.D.

FURNESS, Rev WILLIAM HENRY, D.D., is a native of Massachusetts. He was graduated at Harvard University in 1820, and in 1823 was settled over the Unitarian church, Philadelphia, where he continues to this day—1868. To his lasting honour be it said, he was, from the beginning of his preaching, an earnest advocate for the abolition of slavery, and this, too, in the face of constant opposition. His published works are, *Jesus and His Biographers*, *A Life of Christ*, and a *Manual of Domestic Worship*. He has given, also, a fine translation of Schiller's *Song of the Bell*.

HASTINGS, THOMAS, Mus. Doc., was born in Washington, Connecticut, in 1784, and at twelve years of age removed with his father to Clinton, New York. Of decided musical talent, he early gave a great deal of attention to church psalmody, and to this department of music he devoted the chief years of his life. From 1824 to 1832 he conducted a religious journal in Utica, in the columns of which he often presented his views of church music. In 1832, having removed to the city of New York, he published his *Spiritual Songs*; in 1836 his *Christian Psalmist*; in 1849 *The Mother's Hymn Book*; in 1850, *Devotional Hymns and Religious Poems*. The whole number of his publications of poetry and music is about twenty, most of which have had a very wide circulation. Though his hymns are not of the highest order of sacred poetry, they are very pleasing and tasteful, and some of them have long been favourites in the Christian Church. He is still (1867) living in a green old age in New York, where he has resided since 1832, when he was invited there by a large number of churches to improve their psalmody.

HEDGE, Rev. FREDERICK HENRY, D.D., is the son of the

late Professor Hedge, of Harvard University, and was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1805. He graduated there in 1825, and prepared himself for the ministry. For fifteen years he was pastor of the Unitarian church in Bangor, Maine, and is now settled in Brooklyn, Massachusetts. He is Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Theological School at Cambridge, and one of the editors of the *Christian Examiner*. His chief work is *The Prose Writers of Germany*, an excellent introduction to the knowledge of German literature.

HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, December 22, 1823, and is descended, on the side of his father (Stephen H.), from Francis Higginson, one of the leading founders of the Massachusetts colony. He graduated at Harvard University, 1841, at the Theological School 1847, and was ordained over the first Congregational church at Newburyport, 1847. In 1858 he retired from the ministry, and devoted himself to literary pursuits, becoming a leading contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*. At the breaking out of the slaveholders' rebellion he nobly devoted himself to the service of his country, and was soon promoted to be colonel of the First South Carolina Volunteers—the first regiment of slaves enlisted in the United States service. Among other achievements, he took and held the town of Jacksonville, Florida. Subsequently he was wounded in an engagement, and compelled to resign from disability. He has since resided in Newport, Rhode Island, engaged in literary pursuits. Besides other works, he published, in 1866, *Harvard Memorial Biographies*, two volumes—a collection of memoirs of those graduates who fell in their country's service.

HILLHOUSE, ABRAHAM LUCAS, was the younger brother of James A. Hillhouse, the author of *Hadad*, *The Judgment*, &c. He was born in 1792, and died near Paris, March 14, 1859. He laboured many years in Paris to form an evangelical school there for English and American residents and travellers.

HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO, son of the late Judge Hoffman of New York, was born in that city in 1806, graduated at Columbia College, and admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. But literature had more charms for him than

the law, and he became co-editor, with Mr. Charles King, of the *New York American*. In 1833 the *Knickerbocker Magazine* appeared under his editorship, a magazine which has ever maintained a high literary character. In 1846 and 1847 he edited the *Literary World*. His publications have been:—*Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie*; the romance of the *Greyslaer*; *The Vigil of Faith and other Poems*; and another volume of poems entitled, *Borrowed Notes for Home Circulation*. A collection of his lyrical compositions has been published, entitled *Love's Calendar*.

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, M.D., son of Rev. Abiel Holmes, D.D. of Cambridge, Massachusetts, was born in 1809, and graduated at Harvard University in 1829. He studied medicine and commenced the practice in Boston. In 1847 he was elected to the chair of Anatomy in Harvard University, which he still holds.

Accomplished as he is in his profession, and able as have been his contributions to medical journals, he is and ever will be chiefly known by his poems and prose writings: the former unrivalled in our literature for their genuine, easy, and unaffected wit; the latter for uniting high polish of style to captivating grace of narration and profound thought. His *Professor at the Breakfast Table*, his *Autocrat at the Breakfast Table*, and his *Elsie Venner*, are works which, for wit, pathos, profound philosophical speculation, nice descriptive powers, keen insight of human nature, and aptness and force of illustration, give him a very high rank in American Literature. Of his last work the "London Illustrated News" writes, "Let all novels be laid aside until *The Guardian Angel* be read: it is full of wit and wisdom and interest."

JOHNSON, REV. SAMUEL, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, October 10, 1822; graduated at Harvard University, 1842, and at the Divinity School in 1843. In 1853 he formed a "Free Church" in Lynn, Massachusetts, of which he is still the pastor. He has never connected himself with any religious denomination, but is doubtless nearer the Unitarian than any other. About 1846, in conjunction with Rev. S. Longfellow, he published a volume of sacred poetry, called *Hymns of the Spirit*.

KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT, was born in Maryland in 1779, studied law, and in 1801 established himself at Fredericktown. In a few years after he removed to Washington, District of Columbia, and was the United States District Attorney there till his death, 1843.

Mr. Key is best known as the author of our celebrated national song, "The Star-Spangled Banner." In 1857 a small volume of his poems was published, which contains the beautiful pieces here introduced.

LAWRENCE, JONATHAN, was born in New York in 1807, and graduated at Columbia College in 1823. After the usual preparatory studies he entered upon the practice of the law, and the highest expectations were justly formed of his future eminence, when he was suddenly removed by death, April 26, 1838. After his death his brother had printed for private circulation a small volume of his writings in prose and verse, among which is the very beautiful piece, here introduced, giving the one direction for all the trials of life.

LONGFELLOW, Professor HENRY WADSWORTH, was born in Portland, Maine, 1807; graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825; travelled in Europe four years to qualify himself for the chair of Modern Languages in his own college, which he assumed on his return in 1829. In 1835 he was elected Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres in Harvard University, which post he still fills.

It is hardly necessary to enumerate his several works, chiefly poetry, for it is an undoubted fact that no poet in England and America has so wide a reputation and is so universally popular. To his lasting credit be it said that he early wrote a number of poems against our great national sin, Slavery, now happily no more.

LONGFELLOW, Rev. SAMUEL, is a Clergyman of Massachusetts, a graduate of Harvard University, and a brother of the celebrated poet. In conjunction with the Rev. Samuel Johnson he published in 1846 a beautiful volume of sacred poetry entitled *Hymns of the Spirit*.

LYONS, Rev. JAMES GILBORNE, LL.D., is the author of *Christian Songs, Translations, and other Poems*: Philadelphia,

Smith and English, 1861, 12mo. pp. 157. Some of these had been published before. Dr. Lyons had, for many years, a select boys' school of a high character, at Haverford Pennsylvania, about ten miles West from Philadelphia. He was a very accomplished scholar, and died deeply and widely lamented on the 2nd of January, 1868.

MACKELLAR, THOMAS, was born in New York in 1812, and at the age of sixteen entered the printing establishment of the Harpers, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with the business. In 1833 he removed to Philadelphia, and became foreman of the great type foundry of Lawrence, Johnson and Co., of which successful and wealthy firm he is now senior partner, Mr. Johnson having died a few years ago.

Mr. Mackellar early wrote for the "Journal" of the Sunday School Union. His first volume of verses, *Droppings from the Heart*, was published in 1844: his second *Tam's Fortnight's Rambles*, in 1847, and his last, *Lines for the Gentle and Loving*, in 1853.

MILES, MRS. SARAH APPLETON, is the widow of the late accomplished scholar, Solomon Miles, head-master of the Boston High School, and afterwards Principal of a Young Ladies' private school in the same city. He died of consumption a few years ago; and Mrs. Miles now resides with her son in Brattleboro, Vermont.

MORRIS, GEORGE P., distinguished as one of our best song-writers, was born in Philadelphia in 1802. In 1822 he began his literary career as editor of *The New York Mirror*, which he conducted for twenty years. In 1846, in conjunction with his friend N. P. Willis, he started a weekly family paper called *The Home Journal*, which under their joint editorship had a very wide and deserved popularity, for twenty years, for the taste and ability displayed in its columns. Mr. Morris died in the early part of 1866. His works are, *The Deserted Bride and other Poems*, 1843; *The Whip-poor-will, a Poem*, 1846; and *American Melodies*. He is the author of the celebrated song, "Woodman! spare that tree!" and also of the humorous version of our national song "Yankee Doodle."

MUHLENBURG, Rev. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, D.D., is now and has been for about twenty years, the Rector of St. Luke's Hospital Church in the city of New York. He has published 1st, *Church Poetry: being portions of the Psalms in verse, and Hymns suited to the Festivals and Fasts and various Occasions of the Church, selected and arranged from various Authors*: New York, 1823. 2nd, in conjunction with the Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D.D., *Music of the Church*. 3rd, *The People's Psalter*, new edition revised and enlarged, 1858. He has written only a few hymns, but these are of the very highest order.

NEVIN, Rev. EDWIN H., was born in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, in 1814; graduated at Jefferson College, Pennsylvania; studied theology at Princeton, New Jersey, and was licensed by the first Presbytery of Philadelphia in 1836. He was first settled in Portsmouth, Ohio, and afterwards was called to two or three other places. His last settlement was in Massachusetts, where he remained eight years. He is now living in Philadelphia, without any charge, his health not allowing him to undertake pastoral duty.

NORTON, Rev. ANDREWS, D.D., was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, in 1786, and graduated at Harvard in 1804. Though he studied theology he was never settled as a pastor. In 1811 he was appointed tutor and librarian in Harvard, and in 1813 succeeded Rev. Dr. Channing as Biblical lecturer. In 1819 he was appointed "Dexter Professor of Sacred Literature," and fulfilled the duties of the chair till 1830, when he was compelled by ill health to resign it. He continued to reside in Cambridge till his death, 1853. Dr. Norton was a profound and accurate scholar, and an eminent theologian. He contributed a great number of articles to the *North American Review*, *Christian Examiner*, &c. The work by which he will be most known is entitled *Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels*, 2 vols. 8vo.

ONDERDONK, Rev. HENRY USTICK, D.D., was for about twenty-five years Bishop of the Episcopal Church of the diocese of Pennsylvania, having been consecrated in 1827. Besides numerous sermons, and a few hymns, he wrote *Episcopacy*

Re-examined, being a reply to *Episcopacy Examined*, by Rev. Albert Barnes.

PALMER, Rev. RAY, D.D., was born in Rhode Island in 1808, and graduated at Yale College in 1830. He pursued his theological studies partly in New Haven and partly in New York, and in 1835 was settled as pastor of the Central Congregational Church in Bath, Maine. In 1847, his health becoming impaired, he made the tour of Europe, and on his return was called to the first Congregational church in Albany, where he laboured with great usefulness till 1865, when, at the urgent request of a large number of his ministerial brethren, he was induced to remove to New York to become secretary of the "Congregational Union."

Dr. Palmer began to write hymns and sacred poetry while he was studying for the ministry, his pieces being first printed in periodicals and in hymn-books, to which he specially contributed, such as the *Parish Psalmody*, *The Sabbath Hymn Book*, &c. In 1865 his various poems were collected and published in a very beautiful volume, by A. D. F. Randolph, New York, under the title of *Hymns and Sacred Pieces, with Miscellaneous Poems*. From this chosen volume he has kindly given me permission to take what I might wish; and sure I am that they who may see these few gems will desire to possess themselves of the rich mine from which they are selected.

PEABODY, Rev. WILLIAM BOURNE OLIVER, was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1799. In 1820 he was ordained pastor of a Unitarian church at Springfield, Massachusetts, where he resided till his death, May 28, 1847. He was a frequent contributor to the *North American Review* and the *Christian Examiner*, and is the author of some beautiful sacred poetry.

PIERPONT, Rev. JOHN, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1785. After graduating at Yale College in 1804, he entered upon the study of law, and began to practise in Newburyport, Massachusetts. But literary pursuits had greater charms for him, and in 1818 appeared his *Airs of Palestine*, which was received with great favour, and deservedly takes rank among the best of American poems. Soon after the publication of this poem he entered the Theological School in Harvard University,

and in 1819 was ordained as pastor of the Unitarian church in Hollis Street, Boston, and for a long series of years was no less earnest as a reformer in the cause of temperance and freedom than he was eloquent as a preacher. In 1840 he published all his poems in one volume, including his anti-slavery and temperance poems and songs. He also prepared a number of valuable school books, of which the *National Reader* and the *American First Class Book* have had a very wide circulation. In the latter part of his life, having from impaired health given up preaching, he was called to a position in the Treasury Department, Washington. He died in the latter part of 1866, while on a visit to his old home, Medford, Massachusetts.

REES, LOUIS S. D., though born in England, lived a great part of his life in our country, chiefly in Philadelphia, and was a highly accomplished scholar, musician, and poet. He gave lessons in the classics, mathematics, and general literature in some of our best schools; was organist in two or three Episcopal churches, and at his death left a poem, in quite an unfinished state, which, had he lived to complete it, would have given him a high rank as a poet and scholar. He died, February, 1859, aged about forty.

SEARS, Rev. EDMUND HAMILTON, was born in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, in 1810; graduated at Union College, Schenectady, in 1834, and at the Theological School of Harvard University in 1837. In 1838 he was ordained over the first Congregational church in Wayland, Massachusetts, and in 1840 was called to Lancaster, in the same state. On account of impaired health he resigned his charge in 1847, and returned to Wayland, where he now resides, and is, in conjunction with Rev. R. Ellis, editor of the *Monthly Religious Magazine*, Boston. He has published *Regeneration*, 1 vol. 8vo., which has passed through six editions; *Pictures of the Olden Time*, two editions; *Athanasia, or Foregleams of Immortality*, five editions. He has never made a collection of his hymns. He writes to me, "Though I was educated in the Unitarian denomination, I believe and preach the Divinity of Christ."

SIGOURNEY, LYDIA HUNTLEY, was born in Norwich, Connecticut, in 1791. She very early showed a talent for poetry,

and in 1815 appeared her first volume, *Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse*, which was well received. In 1819 she was married to Charles Sigourney, Esq., a leading merchant of Hartford. Henceforth her career was to be that of an author. *Letters to Pupils*, *Letters to Young Ladies*, *Whisper to a Bride*, and *Letters to Mothers*, successively appeared. On her return from Europe, she published *Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands*. One of her latest publications is *Past Meridian*, giving an account of the happy old age of a large number of people she had known. Her published works in prose and verse amount to nearly forty volumes. She died at Hartford in the summer of 1865.

SMITH, Rev. SAMUEL F., D.D., was born about the year 1805. He is an eminent Baptist minister, and resides now at Newton, Massachusetts. He was the principal editor of the *Psalmist*, a collection of hymns for the use of the Baptist churches, and in it most, if not all, of his hymns are to be found. From 1843 to 1849 he was the editor of the *Christian Review*, published at Boston.

SMITH, SAMUEL J., was born in Burlington, New Jersey, in the latter part of the last century. With large inherited wealth, and with fine literary tastes and accomplishments, he lived on his paternal estate without practising any profession, and divided his time between literature, his farm, and public benefactions. After his death, which occurred in 1835, a volume of his poetry was published, from which I have selected these two beautiful pieces.

STOWE, Mrs. HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER, the daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D., was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1812. In the autumn of 1832 she removed with her father to Cincinnati, Ohio, where the next year appeared her first publication, the story of *Uncle Lot*, in Judge Hall's *Monthly Magazine*. The same year she was married to the Rev. Calvin Stowe, at that time Professor of Languages and Biblical Literature in Lane Theological Seminary. During her residence in Cincinnati she became deeply interested in the question of slavery, from seeing many fugitives from the slave states, and hearing from them their tales of suffering. In

1849 a collection of her pieces written for magazines was published, entitled *The May Flower*.

In 1850 Professor Stowe was called to Brunswick College, Maine, and removed thither with his family. In that year Mrs. Stowe began to write, in a series of numbers in the *National Era*, that remarkable work, entitled *Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly*, and in 1852 it was published in a book form. The deep interest it excited and the praise it called forth in all lands were such as have seldom, perhaps, been equalled. The *Edinburgh Review* of April 1855 said that more copies of it had been sold than of any other book in this country, the Bible and Prayer Book excepted.

After this Mrs. Stowe went abroad for her health, and on her return published *Sunny Memories in Foreign Lands*. Since that she has written *The Minister's Wooing*; *The Pearl of Orr's Island*; *Agnes of Sorrento*; *Dred, a Tale*, &c. She continues to write for our periodicals, chiefly the *Atlantic Monthly*. Her last papers for that magazine, entitled *Little Foxes*, have been published in a volume;—an admirable little book for all households.

TAPPAN, Rev. WILLIAM BINGHAM, was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1795. In 1811 he was apprenticed to a clock-maker in Boston. In 1816 he removed to Philadelphia, and established himself in business there: but he soon found that this was not the sphere for him, and he resolved to devote his time to literature, having early given evidence of much talent, and showing an eager thirst for knowledge. In 1819 appeared his first volume, *New England and other Poems*, which was well received. Three or four years after, he was engaged by the American Sunday School Union as salesman and general superintendent of their depository, and to this cause he devoted the rest of his life with great devotion and enthusiasm. From year to year he was sent to Cincinnati, Boston, and other cities to advance the great objects of the Union, and in 1841 he was licensed to preach, that he might with more effect present the cause of the Sunday School to the churches; and it may safely be said that no one man for twenty years laboured more or effected more for this holy object. He died suddenly of cholera in Boston in 1849, deeply and widely lamented.

Mr. Tappan's publications were, *Poetry of the Heart*, 1845; *Sacred and Miscellaneous Poems*, 1846; *Poetry of Life*, 1848; *The Sunday School and other Poems*, 1848; *Late and Early Poems*, 1849.

TILTON, Rev. THEODORE, is a graduate of Yale College, New Haven, and is at present (1868) chief editor of the *Independent*, a weekly paper, literary and religious, published in New York, which is conducted with great ability, and has a very wide circulation.

TUCKER, ST. GEORGE, was born in Bermuda in 1752; but, emigrating to Virginia at an early age, completed his education at "William and Mary College." He studied law, became President of the Court of Appeals of his adopted state, and afterwards Judge of the United States District Court in Eastern Virginia. He held this appointment till his death in 1827. He was distinguished for a refined taste, keen wit, and extensive scholastic acquirements.

VERY, JONES, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, August 28, 1813; graduated at Harvard University in 1836, and was tutor there from 1836 to 1838. He studied theology at the Cambridge Divinity School, but was never ordained. He now resides in his native place.

WARE, Rev. HENRY, jun., the son of Rev. Henry Ware, D.D., Hollis Professor of Divinity in Harvard College, was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, in 1793; graduated at Harvard in 1812, and completed his theological studies in 1816. The following year he was elected pastor of the Second Church, Boston. After twelve years of labour, his health becoming impaired, he was dismissed at his own request, and travelled in Europe. On his return he was elected Parkman Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and Pastoral Theology in Harvard University, which chair he continued to fill with great ability and acceptance till the year before his death, which occurred in September, 1843.

His works, consisting of essays, sermons, controversial tracts, poetry, &c., were edited after his death by his friend Rev. Chandler Robins, D.D., and published in four volumes.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF, "the noble quaker-poet of

freedom," was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808. In his early years, while at the Academy of his native place, he wrote occasional verses for the *Haverhill Gazette*. In 1828 he went to Boston and became editor of the *American Manufacturer*. In 1830 he was invited to the editorship of the *New England Weekly Review*, and remained connected with it for about two years, in the mean time publishing a volume of poems and prose sketches entitled *Legends of New England*. In 1836 he was elected Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, a weekly paper published in Philadelphia. About this time appeared his longest poem, *Mogg Megone*, an Indian story.

In 1840 he removed to Amesbury, Massachusetts, where all his later publications have been written. In 1847 he became corresponding editor of the *National Era* published at Washington, District of Columbia, and gave to that able paper no small share of its deserved celebrity. The next year appeared a beautifully illustrated edition of his poems, including his *Voices of Freedom*. This was followed by *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal*, in 1849; *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches*, in 1850; and *Songs of Labour and other Poems*, in the same year. His latest work (1866) *Snow Bound*, brings before us some charming pictures of New England life in the winter. Mr. Whittier has written much serious poetry, though but very few hymns, strictly so called. He will be most known and honoured and loved in all time as the great poet of Freedom at a period when Slavery was rampant in our land.

WILCOX, Rev. CARLOS, was born at Newport, New Hampshire, October 22, 1794, graduated at Middlebury College, Vermont, and studied theology at Andover, Massachusetts. He was settled as pastor of the North Congregational Church, Hartford, Connecticut, but his health, always delicate, began soon to decline rapidly, and after various journeys for its restoration, to no purpose, he breathed his last on the 27th of May, 1827. His *Remains; with a Memoir of his Life* was published in 1828; containing his two chief poems, *The Age of Benevolence*, and *The Religion of Taste*; and also fourteen *Sermons*.



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